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APRIL 1956

# The Catholic Lamp

THAT ALL MAY BE ONE

25¢

NOV 18 '57

AVE MARIA RADIO HOUR

# MEAL BONDS FEED THE HUNGRY

This is to certify that
John LeBlanc
has given the sum of
$ 100 00
to feed the poor of
Jesus Christ
daily, monthly, yearly at
St. Christopher's Inn
Graymoor,
Garrison, New York
In appreciation for the donor's evidence of love and devotion for the Roman Catholic Religion, the Friars of the Atonement pledge a set of Gregorian Masses to be said at the donor's death for every hundred dollars given.
COFFEE
Lay not up to yourselves the treasures on earth: where the rust and moth consume and where thieves break through and steal.
But lay up to yourselves treasures in heaven: where neither the rust nor moth doth consume, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.
For where thy treasure is, there is thy heart also.— MATTHEW VI 19:21

**Every day poor discouraged friendless men come to St. Christopher's Inn hungry, footsore, and weary. We do what we can to take care of their needs and help them back on their feet. Last year we sheltered over 5,000 different men at St. Christopher's Inn and served them over 150,000 meals. At present, with our newly completed addition, St. Christopher's Inn can house 200 men.**

**Your Meal Bond will enable us to continue this good work.**

**Each Meal Bond entitles you to a remembrance in the prayers and good works of the Graymoor Friars and of the men who come to us for aid. In addition, for each Meal Bond donated, the Friars will arrange a set of Gregorian Masses to be said either for you after you die, or for someone else after he or she dies, or immediately for someone who is already deceased. This set of Gregorian Masses is our thanks to you for helping us in performing the Corporal Works of Mercy.**

**If you would like to know more about St. Christopher's Inn, what it is, how it began and what it does, we will be only too glad to send you a brochure.**

**Send bond subscriptions to the Father General, Graymoor, Garrison, New York**

MANY of our friends write and ask us: "What is your plan for Sponsors?" First of all you will share in a very special way in all of the Masses, prayers, and good works of all of our priests, brothers, and students. Missionaries all over the world say more than three thousand Masses every year for our benefactors. You will share also in all of our Solemn Novenas at Christmas, Easter, St. Anthony's Day, the Feast of Our Lady of the Atonement, and your dead will be remembered in our November Masses. Your name will be kept at the foot of the Shrine of St. Anthony at Graymoor so that you will be remembered in our perpetual novena to St. Anthony. You will also be remembered in all of our special novenas in our various houses. Finally, I am arranging to have a special Mass said every day for our Graymoor Sponsors.

That is our plan. At your convenience write to me for complete details.

Devotedly yours

Father Angelus Francis S.A.
*Superior General*

Graymoor, Garrison, New York

A completed Burse of Five Thousand Dollars insures the education of a Graymoor Friar and enables him to reach his goal—the Altar

# Uncompleted BURSES

Is YOUR PATRON SAINT among those listed below? There is no better way to honor your heavenly namesake than by contributing to the Burse bearing his or her name. It is by means of the Burses that young men are advanced to the Sacred Priesthood in the Graymoor Community.

## CONTRIBUTIONS FOR MARCH 1956

**O.L. of Unity:** 5,000.00
H. & J.D., R.I., $5,000.00.

**O.L. of the Atonement:** 4,975.50
Mrs. W.D.A., Pa., $4; Miss A.P., N.Y., $50; S.C., N.Y., $2; Mrs. L. H. S.. Pa., $2; Anon., $4.

**St. Christopher:** 4,960.90
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**St. Margaret of Scotland:** 4,277.77
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**Little Flower:** 3,856.49
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**St. Joseph:** 3,308.34
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**Sacred Shoulder:** 2,232.95
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**O.L. of Lourdes:** 2,103.55
Miss M.C., N.Y., $5.

**St. Lawrence:** 2,096.00
L.J.M., Pa., $1; B.J.O., Ill., $5.

**St. Matthias:** 2,064.76

**Infant of Prague:** 3,173.00
Mrs. D.Q., Mass., $3; T.H., N.J., $3; Mrs. H.B., N.Y., $1; Miss P.C., Ill., $1; Mrs. R.O.A., N.Y., $1; Mrs. F.A., N.J., $1.50; M.C., Mass., $5; Mrs. P.N., N.Y., $1; L.F.B., N.H., $40; Mrs. L.S., N.Y., $1; Mrs. E.F.T., Calif., $5; Mrs. A.L.S., Conn., $1; C.J.G., Ill., $5; Mrs. M.A., Colo., $2; Miss B.M., N.Y., $2.50; Mrs. A. H., Mass., $1; Mrs. E.J.O'B., Mich., $5; Mrs. J.W.H., O., $2; Mrs. H.G., Pa., $2; Mrs. F.L., Va., $5; Mrs. J.H., N.Y., $2; E.McL., Fla., $5; Mrs. M.V., Mich., $2.

**St. Francis Xavier:** 2,895.60

**O.L. of Perpetual Help:** 2,796.80
M.O'H., N.J., $2; Anon., $1; E.L.S., Mass., $1; Mrs. E.J.H., N.Y., $1; J.O'S. N.Y., $3; Mrs. F.D.L., Va., $5.

**SS. Peregrin and Dymphna:** 2,577.54
Mrs. M.M., N.Y., $1; G.L.R., Minn., $50; Mrs. W.D.A., Pa., $3; Mrs. M.M., N.J., $1; Mrs. P.L.R., Calif., $4; Mr. & Mrs. D.T., N.Y., $5; Anon., Minn., $2; C.E., $1; Mrs. M.J.M., N.Y., $1; M.McM., N.J., $1.04; Miss M.C., N.Y., $10; Mrs. A.V., Mass., $1; Mrs. R.M., Ind.. $2; Mrs. A.B., Calif., $1; Mrs. M.F., O., $1; J.Z., N.Y., $1; M.A.W., Fla., $1; Mrs. R.S., N.H., $1.

**SS. Michael and Honora:** 2,007.00

**O.L. of the Miraculous Medal:** 1,841.20

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**Bl. Martin DePorres:** 1,341.57
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**Holy Spirit:** 949.25

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**St. Patrick:** 863.03

**Brother Jude S.A.:** 813.20
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**Blessed Sacrament:** 698.08

**Holy Face:** 684.55

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Mrs. C.R., Calif., $4; J.O'S., N.Y., $3.

**St. Frances Cabrini:** 515.70
Mrs. M.H., Mass., $1; Mrs. M.C.G., Conn., $6; E.F.F., Mich., $1.

**O.L. of Fatima:** 511.87
E.F.F. Mich., $1; R.D., N.Y., $10.

**Brother Philip T.S.A.:** 440.30

**O.L. of Prompt Succor:** 434.80

**Mother Lurana S.A.:** 374.65

**Holy Family:** 352.00
J.L.M., Mass., $1.

**St. Eugene:** 349.39

**St. Margaret Mary:** 329.55
Miss D.K., N.Y. $1; Miss M.B., N.Y., $1; J.Family, Pa., $1.

**Five Holy Wounds:** 311.10

**St. Gerard Majella:** 291.93
Mrs. W.G., Wisc., $1; Mrs. L.H.S., Pa., $2.

**St. John the Apostle:** 290.06

**St. Bridget of Ireland:** 213.20
Mrs. B.G., N.J., $1.

**St. Vincent:** 206.00

**Sacred Heart:** 199.53
M.S.B., Conn., $2; Mrs. A.C.McC., N.Y., $5; Miss K.H., N.Y., $3; Anon., $1; Mrs. T.F., N.J., $5; Mrs. E.J.H., N.Y., $1; Mrs. L.H.S., Pa., $2; M.W., N.Y., $5; Mrs. I.Q., Wash. $1; Mrs. M.N., N.Y., $1.

**St. Francis of Assisi:** 195.89
V.Y., Ill., $4; I.M.R., Ind., $3.

**St. Mary Magdaline:** 184.50

**O.L. of the Rosar :** 154.75
Miss B.M.,N.Y., $2.50.

**Sacred Head:** 149.45

**Bro. Andre C.S.C.:** 132.40
G.B., Ind., $3.

**Most Holy Trinity:** 126.20

**Brother Anthony S.A.:** 120.60

**Pope Pius XI:** 104.60

**SS. Adam and Eve:** 100.00

**St. Philemena:** 96.00
Mrs. R.W., O., $2; Miss P.D., Miss., $1; B. Family, N.Y., $10.

**St. Clare:** 85.20

**St. Paul:** 67.70

**Venerable Catherine Tekawitha:** 71.75
A.R.W., Pa., $2; Mrs. H. L. C., Pa., $1; Mrs. E.J.H., N.Y., $1: Anon., $5.

**O.L. of Victory:** 70.50
Miss M.C., N.Y., $5.

**St. Teresa:** 65.60

**St. Maria Goretti:** 39.00
E.F.F., Mich., $1.

**St. George:** 35.00

**Father Flanagan:** 32.00

**St. Blaise:** 26.00
C.DiG., N.Y., $5.

**St. Luke:** 21.00
Anon., Minn., $1.

**Honor your favorite Saint**

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*Be a Graymoor Sponsor*

# The Lamp

A CATHOLIC MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO CHRISTIAN UNITY

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**CHANGE OF ADDRESS** must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Be sure to give both the old and new addresses and zone number.

**SOLICITORS** of this magazine are allowed to accept money only intended for subscriptions to this magazine. All donations or Mass intentions must be mailed directly to the Franciscan Friars of the Atonement, Graymoor, Garrison, New York.

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**Unsolicited Manuscripts,** unless accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes, will not be returned.

*See page one for details*

## This Month

OUR COVER... On Sunday afternoon, April 28, 1935, radio station WOR in New York City broadcast the first *Ave Maria Hour* program. This historic broadcast, a dramatization of the life of St. Mary of Egypt, was the beginning of a long and fruitful radio apostolate by the Graymoor Friars. This month, THE LAMP happily joins in celebrating the twenty-first anniversary of the *Ave Maria Hour* with our beautiful cover to honor "Our Lady of the Airwaves."

THE GIFT OF A STATUE... The story of how the beautiful 24 inch wood carving statue of "Our Lady of the Airwaves" came to Graymoor is an interesting one. In October 1947, Fr. Robert O'Farrell, S.A., the Director of the *Ave Maria Hour* at that time, received a letter from Fr. Frank Gartland, C.S.C. of the University of Notre Dame in Indiana. "I am writing in behalf of my former secretary, Miss Dorothy McGinley, of Portland, Oregon," Father Gartland's letter began. "While Dorothy was overseas as a Red Cross field worker," the letter went on, "she met friends of the Holy Cross Fathers in the Italian Alps at Bressanone. One of them, Franz Mersa, an Austrian by birth but an Italian citizen, was a sculptor of great repute. Franz lamented the fact that American radio is so secularized and observed that recently Belgium had dedicated its national networks to Our Lady. This gave Franz the idea of creating a wood sculpture to be entitled 'Our Lady of the Airwaves.' Having just finished it, he tells Dorothy it is now on its way to her in Oregon, and again expresses the hope that it may be an instrument, however limited and small, of dedicating American broadcasting to Our Lady. Dorothy would like to offer the statue to the *Ave Maria Hour* because of its special dedication to Mary of 'a sizeable chunk' of American radio."

THE STATUE AT GRAYMOOR... The statue arrived at Miss McGinley's home in Portland on December 8, 1947, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of Our Blessed Mother. It was received at Graymoor in February 1948 and was immediately set up in the office of the Director of the *Ave Maria Hour*. Later this inscription was placed beneath the statue:

> *Our Lady of the Airwaves*
> With arms outstretched Mary, Queen of the Universe, stands atop the globe from which radio waves dart in every direction. And Mary's rosary encircles the globe—a golden chain binding the world and the children of God together.
> Under the loving protection of "Our Lady of the Airwaves" the Graymoor Friars place the *Ave Maria Hour* with a prayer that it may be an instrument in bringing God's grace to countless people throughout the world.

GRATITUDE TO OUR LADY... The Graymoor Friars are deeply grateful to Our Blessed Mother for taking such wonderful care of the *Ave Maria Hour* for the past 21 years. And this month, as we celebrate our twenty-first anniversary, we ask the readers of THE LAMP to join with the Graymoor Friars in praying to Our Blessed Mother, "Our Lady of the Airwaves," that Almighty God will bless abundantly our future efforts on radio in behalf of her children scattered throughout the world.

# Every Tuesday
# A NEW
# St. Anthony
# NOVENA

**Finder of things lost**
**Worker of miracles**
**Helper in necessities**

**Ever since his canonization St. Anthony has been a favorite saint of millions. His interest in man and his prompt help have made him loved by all.**

**Every day we receive many petitions to be included in our perpetual novena. Many letters of thanksgiving for favors are received every day.**

**Why not invoke**
**SAINT ANTHONY**
**in your need**

**A NEW NOVENA BEGINS EVERY TUESDAY**

FRANCISCAN FRIARS
OF THE ATONEMENT
GRAYMOOR, GARRISON, NEW YORK


# *Correspondence*

## Peace of Mind

Dear Father: In grateful appreciation I am enclosing an offering for a favor received through St. Anthony. This favor has brought wonderful peace of mind and happiness. As soon as convenient would you please publish this note in your inspiring publication. L.B.W.

## Favor Received

Dear Father: Will you please say a Mass and publish a very special favor which we received through Jesus, Mary, Joseph and St. Anthony.

Thanking you for your trouble.

Sister of St. Benedict

## Lost Article

Dear Father: I am a new subscriber of the magazine called THE LAMP. Upon looking over the magazine I ran across the Correspondence page and as I read it I was amazed at all of the people that St. Anthony has helped.

I lost an article that was very precious to me and I promised St. Anthony that if he found it for me I would send in a contribution of $2.00 to THE LAMP.

Not long after my promise I found my lost article and I promised St. Anthony that I would have this letter published if there is room in your magazine for it. N.H.

## Storm

Dear Father: During a storm my father and a cousin were on the lake. We were watching them and as the wind grew stronger we had no doubt in our minds that they weren't going to make it to shore.

I prayed to Our Lady of the Green Scapular and by the grace of God they made it safely to shore.

Please have this letter published.

Mrs. J.H.

## Fast Answer

Dear Father: I am sending $2.00 as a small donation in thanksgiving for favors received of St. Anthony. And $1.00 for a large Votive Light. My baby was sick and I asked St. Anthony for help and I never had a prayer answered so fast.

If at all possible please publish my letter in THE LAMP. It is the best magazine I have ever read.

Mrs. D.M., Cincinnati, Ohio

## Adopted Baby

Dear Father: I am sending this five dollars in thanksgiving for St. Anthony's Bread. I promised public thanksgiving if St. Anthony would help fulfill a request I begged for. Please publish this in THE LAMP if you can.

We have one boy adopted and wanted another very much. Now we have him home with us. He isn't adopted yet but we are sure he will be soon. Thank you dear St. Anthony and all the other heavenly help we had.

Mrs. J.K., Detroit, Michigan

## Favor Granted

Dear Father: Enclosed is $5.00 in thanksgiving for received favor which I know was granted through your intercession. Our son was born June 29, month of the Sacred Heart. I promised St. Anthony $5.00 if our baby would be born in June.

Mrs. A. F., Fort Wayne, Indiana

## Operation Avoided

Dear Father: The enclosed donation of $5.00 is in honor of St. Anthony. He has answered my prayers in that my husband need not have an operation for which we had feared.

I promised him I would have it published in THE LAMP.

I have a very important request before him now. Please help me pray for it.

Mrs. V.E.R., Hastings, Minn.

## Business Sold

Dear Father: Please print this letter in THE LAMP. I am enclosing $10.00 in appreciation for a favor I received through St. Joseph, Mary our Sorrowful Mother, the Precious Blood of Jesus, and Our Blessed Queen of the Rosary. I promised if my prayers were granted I would write to THE LAMP so everyone could read what can be gotten through prayers. You see I was in business for myself and wished to sell all my stock and fixtures so that I could pay a debt I owed to my father. I only had two weeks to sell everything in the store.

I sold all but a few dollars worth of stock and a few fixtures with hopes of selling the rest by the time you print this letter. I could never do what I did alone. It was only through my prayers.

Also thanks to St. Anthony whenever I misplace something and can't find it he always comes through.

Mrs. L.K., Guilford, Conn.

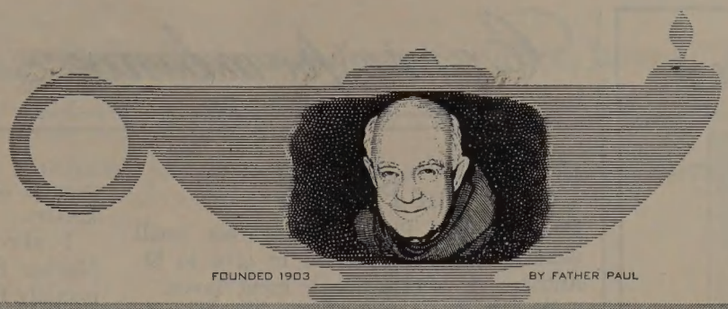
(*Continued on page* 6)

**BURN A VOTIVE LIGHT**
**in honor of**
**St. Joseph**
**Employment and Good Death**

**See complete details on page 32**

*April*
*1956*

*Volume Fifty-four*
*Number Four*



FOUNDED 1903 BY FATHER PAUL

IN FOCUS . . AS WE SEE IT

# HOLY WEEK

BECAUSE the rites of Holy Week have been performed in virtually empty churches, the Holy Father has decreed sweeping changes which will take place this year.

Here are highlights of the changes:

*Palm Sunday* . . . The lengthy blessing of palms is reduced to a brief, simple ceremony, and the procession is restored to full solemnity, commemorating the triumphal entry into Jerusalem.

*Holy Thursday* . . . The mass will now be celebrated between five and eight o'clock in the evening, conforming to the historical time of Christ's institution of the Blessed Sacrament. Visits to the repository will start after the evening Mass and continue through the night.

*Good Friday* . . . After a lapse of many centuries, the faithful may again receive Our Lord in Holy Communion on the day He redeemed mankind. The Mass of the Presanctified will now be held in the afternoon, no earlier than and preferably at 3 p. m. Emphasis will be on the reading of the Passion, veneration of the Holy Cross, and the simple Communion service. Thus the official period of mourning will follow logically upon the passion and death of Christ, rather than precede it.

*Holy Saturday* . . . In 1951 Pope Pius XII restored the beautiful Easter Vigil liturgy to the evening hours on an optional basis. That experiment this year becomes official. Thus the original character of the day as one of mourning for the crucified Christ, not yet risen, is restored. The Lenten fast, which heretofore ended at noon, will continue until midnight. The ceremonies will begin in the evening, climaxed by the Easter Vigil Mass, beginning at midnight.

DRASTIC as these changes seem, they constitute a restoration rather than an innovation. For centuries Holy Thursday, Good Friday and Holy Saturday were holy days of obligation, and their ceremonies took place in the afternoon or evening hours. Gradually the rites were advanced to the morning hours, thus losing some of their significance. The three days were dropped as holy days in 1642, and in modern times the ceremonies have been performed in almost empty churches.

While the Holy Week restoration brings the rites into conformity in time with the events they commemorate, it above all gives the worker, student or busy housewife an opportunity to attend.

This move to facilitate the laity's assistance at the divine mysteries is the culmination of a whole series of similar measures in recent times. Since Pius X restored the practice of frequent Communion and greatly lowered the age at which children could receive, we have seen increased use of the missal, dialogue mass, mass sung by the congregation, use of the vernacular for some rites formerly performed in Latin, and afternoon and evening mass.

All these changes are designed to draw the laity from passive attendance into active assistance at liturgical functions, and thus to develop greater holiness.

During this Lenten season our priests have been instructing us in the Holy Week changes. Now it is up to the faithful to follow through by attending all or as many as possible of the ceremonies, and by assisting intelligently.

TO ASSIST intelligently, a knowledge of what is taking place is required, and that knowledge is found in the missal. Too many Catholics in this land of almost universal literacy and abundant education still kneel remote in their pews, fingering their Rosary while taking inventory of Mrs. Murphy's new fur coat or of Hogan's need of a haircut, two rows ahead.

For those who have knelt in near-boredom while the most perfect and fruitful action that can be performed unfolds uncomprehended on the altar, Holy Week 1956 can be a great turning point. It can be a fresh start in understanding our religion. New family traditions of attendance at Holy Week services can begin. A new sense of participation is no further away than a missal. All the rich meaning of the liturgy is there, each action explained, its significance detailed.

Holy Mother Church has taken a great step to bring us closer to Our Lord in the crowning events of the liturgical year. Let us show our gratitude by packing the churches and assisting devoutly and intelligently in the restored glory of Holy Week. †

*See page one for details*

## Necrology

*May their souls rest in peace*

**We commend to the prayers of our readers the souls of the faithful departed, and particularly the deceased subscribers and their near relatives whose deaths have been reported to us. Thirty Masses will be said for them.**

James Roche, Mrs. Barker, Regina Keating, Margaret L. Powers, Mrs. M. Leigh, Elizabeth Tope, James J. Griffin, M.D., Ellen L. Porter, Elizabeth S. Bell, Kathryn Lynch, James Murphy, Julia Margan, Sadie Costello, Catherine Callahan, Hannah Goldhaumer, Marcelle L. David, Peter Murphy, Nick Cerimele, Lawrence Poitras, Sr., Anna Ruzgis, Anna Monyahan, Celia McCabe, Mary Murray, Raymond Kuntz, Mary White, Mary Burns, Thomas Bale, Howard Phillips, Nellie R. Bruton, Joseph Fullam, Sara E. Laughlin, Louis Celsa, Edward James Lanigan, Mr. P. Atiiano, Mr. & Mrs. N. Romero, Dorothy Farrow, Loretta Gillen, Mary Jane Reed, Steven B. Hopkins, Jr., Joseph Cadamatre, Carl Pinkham, Raymond F. Casper, Bordan R. Flickama, Clara Allen, Stanley Felix Sobusiak, Mr. Krachenfels, Florence Jackson, Gerard A. De Melfo, Mary McCartin, Austin Fleming, Sr., Mrs. P. Burens, Elizabeth Salisbury, Miss Masterson, John Lonergan, Martin Gutke, Walter Paul Ellis, Edna McShane Mary Fitzpatrick, Charles E. McAndrews, F. J. Berger, Mary A. Mallaney, May Ursula Hickson, Mrs. Edward McCabe, Joseph Patrick Salisbury, Dominick De Luca, Joseph Anthony Daly, Emma M. Byrd, Nell Tehan, Mary M. Flynn, Madelyn Burkhardt, John Francis Kiley, Lawrence L. Schrank, Lillian M. Jeffries, Sister Concepta Leahy, Mary Lohman, Helen Beckham, Howard D mming, Mrs. Frank Dooner, William Leeming, Theresa Kuhn, Thomas McIntyre, Mary M. Nugent, John Haselbarth, Mrs. H. Goldhammer, Mrs. Leo Weaver, Joseph Herzoy, James S. Ryan, Mr. P. Soldivar, Mr. M. Pedroza, Mr. I. Mora, Mary Kelly, Dr. Robert E. McConnaughey, Charles Napoli, Hattie Reynolds, Catherine Massett, Vincent Brazel, Agnes Smith, Lawrence Chevalier, Rose M. Stevens, Thomas Salisbury, Ella Galgraith, Genevieve Griffin, Christine Schultz, Delia McNamara, Charles Aleksa, Richard F. Tracy, Mrs. Farrell, Helen Kluzek, Margaret E. Resheske, Vita Matisi, John N. Shoudel, Dorothy Hanson, Margaret Ann Riggio, Mrs. C. P. Couvillion, Mr. Hartigan, Robert Lamper, Sister M. La Salette Garvey, Margaret Beres, Margaret Harlow, Dienkeuster Family, John Meara, Henrietta Clywin, Rose Puleo, Dorothy Daniel, Clara Katzmark, Mary E. O'Connell, Mr. Delancy, Robert Bloss, Adam Tambrecht, Joseph Maurig, Thomas P. Calvert, Estella Meara, Mrs. Purdue, Stanley Tomoski, Mr. & Mrs. Michael Fleuker, Sr., Robert Lahr, Bernard L. Becker, Hugh S. Dugan, Charles Stewart, Reverend Holland, John Lonergan, Mr. & Mrs. James Graham, Arthur Graham, Arthur Graham, Sr., William Graham, Sophia Rogers, Herbert Smith, Mary Donovan, Luigi Bianchini, Sr., Mary Conlin, Margaret A. Maxwell, Florence Reilly, Daniel Cotter, Elizabeth Moran, George H. Moran, Calcagni Family, Matilda Metzinger, Anna Slorf, Fred Caron, Peter Ericksen, Frank Katzmark, John M. De Singer, John & Mary Whelton, Edward Burke, Theresa Tambrecht, John Tambrecht, Ambrose Tauser, Mary Meara, Mary H. Meara, Anna Tomoski, Peter Fleuker, William Daniel, Sr., James Brannon, Julia Fox, Ernest Lamper, Paul H. Schiffer, John Beres, John W. Calvert, James Meara, Vivian Balling, John Tomoski, Mrs. J. A. Terriault, Harold Fleuker, Thomas McKenna, M. V. Appleby, Patrick Gillespie, Brother George L. Winters, S.J., Katherine Kennedy, Elizabeth O'Donnell, David Graham, Joseph Graham, James Graham, Mary Killelea, Joseph Rogers, Victor E. Anderson, Daniel Dunphy, Pasqualina Blanchini, Joseph Snyder, Fred Roll, John L. Dickberber, Mrs. W. J. Burnes, John Moran, Giriaco Lombardi, Lillian Rogers, Mary Boutin, Alma Lalievre, John Schebyn.

# Correspondence *Continued*

### Permanent Position

Dear Father: Please accept this small donation that I promised to give to St. Anthony in return for a great favor.

My husband has had difficulty in finding a permanent position but through the efforts of St. Anthony a good position has been afforded him.

If possible please publish this as part of my promise to St. Anthony. Mrs. J.K.

### Property Sold

Dear Father: As a subscriber to The Lamp I promised a five dollar donation in honor of St. Anthony, St. Joseph and the Little Infant of Prague if my prayers were answered regarding some property that we sold. So far everything has turned out all right. I also promised to have it published in this magazine.

Mrs. T.R., Eureka, Mo.

### First Time

Dear Father: Enclosed please find check for $5.00. Last Thursday evening my husband lost his whole pay envelope. He searched everywhere he had been that day. We were both frantic as you can imagine since there are two little ones to feed, and so many bills to meet. That evening I prayed to St. Anthony to help my husband find his money. All day Friday he retraced his steps to no avail. Finally on Saturday morning the proprietor of a local store handed my husband his money which he evidently dropped while in the store.

This was the first time I had ever appealed to St. Anthony, or any saint for that matter. I have never had much belief in such prayers, perhaps because I am a convert and never had the idea instilled in my mind. However. I assure you I will remember this incident for a long, long time. Mrs. A.J.S

### Prayers Answered

Dear Father: Enclosed please find check for a particular favor granted to me by St. Anthony. I promised to send the money and have it published in The Lamp.

I also want to praise Our Blessed Mother for the many, many favors, especially for my son and my happy family life. (I don't think St. Anthony will mind).

Your magazine is one I enjoy immensely. Every article seems to have some bearing on my problems. Sometimes it's only a sentence but it's a help in this struggle to be a good Catholic and fill my station in life. Thank you very much for introducing me to St. Anthony.

Mrs. C.J.E., San Diego, Calif.

### Great Favor

Dear Father: I am enclosing a donation for St. Anthony's Poor for a very great favor granted me through the intercession of Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal and St. Anthony.

I promised to have it published in The Lamp. M.E.M., Richmond, Mass.

### Too Numerous

Dear Father: I do wish you would print this in your Lamp. The favors granted through my prayers to Our Blessed Mother and St. Anthony are so numerous that you could never print all of them in your Lamp. I am so grateful to Our Blessed Mother and St. Anthony. M.A.H.

### Blessed Virgin

Dear Father: Enclosed please find a donation which I am sending in appreciation to the Blessed Virgin for a favor she granted me.

I promised publication in The Lamp if this favor was granted me, so please see that it will be in your wonderful magazine which I read from cover to cover.

May God bless you all in your fine work in caring for the sick and lonely men who come to you for aid.

Mrs. J.E.H.

### Good Reports

Dear Father: Enclosed donation is for St. Anthony's Bread. I promised St. Anthony that if my children got good report cards I would have it published. Thanks to Our Blessed Mother, St. Anthony and St. Jude for all the favors I have received through their intercession to the Sacred Heart. M.F.

### Favor Refused

Dear Father: I asked Saint Anthony for a favor, I knew it was impossible—even though for God there is nothing impossible. I prayed "Thy will be done." St. Anthony didn't grant me the favor. Perhaps it is for the best. Enclosed is a small donation I promised to send him anyway. J.F., California

### Important Notice

**Because of the rising cost of paper, ink and everything else that goes into producing a magazine, we have been forced to raise the price of The Lamp to $3.00 per year, two years for $5.00.**

**This will become effective as of June 1, 1956.**

**Meanwhile we suggest you extend your subscription at the lower price of $2.00 a year or three years for $5.00.**

If you have promised publication and your letter does not appear, do not become upset or worried. You keep your promise once you send us the letter and give us permission to publish it.



*Be a Graymoor Sponsor*

Unity Octave Sermon at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, January 18, 1956

by the Most Reverend Richard J. Cushing, D.D., Archbishop of Boston, Mass.

# The Other Sheep

IT is fitting that we should pause at the beginning of these exercises of the Chair of Unity Octave to pay tribute to the memory of Father Paul Francis, whose zeal for the reunion of Christendom afforded inspiration for the crusade of prayer in which we shall devoutly participate during these next few days. The story of the conversion of this extraordinary servant of God and of his subsequent activity as the founder and Superior General of two religious communities consecrated to God in the spirit of St. Francis, is too well known to need repetition. What we should recall to mind during this week is the example of courage and fearless love of the truth which moved Father Paul Francis and his first associates to kneel in humble submission to the Vicar of Christ after having discovered the meaning of Christ's teaching in the depths of their souls. All too few of those who have had similar experiences have derived from them a similar determination to follow reason rather than sentiment and to sacrifice the pleasant associations of friendship and family attachment to the sterner demands of loyalty to the truth. Both those who have been born in the Faith and those who have found it at the end of perilous journeying through the by-ways of infidelity and heresy, have reason to be grateful for what Father Paul Francis and the Friars and Sisters of the Atonement have meant to the Church. May the blessed memory of this good man increase the fervor of our prayers during this week, that the Church which Christ founded for all men may become their possession in fact as well as in divinely established right.

The intention for which we pray especially this evening is "The Return of the 'Other Sheep' to the One Fold of St. Peter." This topic suggests a point of view which has developed in the course of history and which indicates the remoteness, 20 centuries after Our Savior's birth, of the ideals toward which His mission was directed. We have become accustomed in modern times to a plurality of churches. Among non-Catholics diversity of belief is regarded as the normal and acceptable consequences of individual human differences. Religious activity, we are told, should spring from the personal convictions of those who exercise it; it should not be channeled into pre-fabricated forms which stifle the unpredictable yearnings of souls whose most valued privilege is freedom from restraint. The function of any organized religion, from this point of view, is to help people to find satisfaction for their desire to be perfectly human, to give expression to the pattern of impulses which nature has impressed upon them and which each one must be free to discover and interpret for himself.

NEEDLESS to say, this philosophy of religion is completely at variance with the teaching of the Catholic Church. It has, nevertheless, become so closely associated with our American way of life that, even as Catholics, we find ourselves taking it for granted and striving to find for it, if not reasonable defence, at

*See page one for details*

least a reasonable explanation which will facilitate co-existence with our fellow-Americans of non-Catholic beliefs.

In other words, we have fallen a little too deeply into the attitude that religious convictions and loyalties upon which they rest are of secondary importance; that our principal concern should be to promote unity and good will among all men; that in an atmosphere of social harmony religious questions will somehow settle themselves. No one likes to describe this olive-branch form of brotherhood as religious indifferentism. Yet if we are honest with ourselves, we must admit that it is but a short step from being indifferent toward the plurality of religions, to being indifferent toward the principles themselves upon which religious beliefs are based.

If we turn back the pages of history, we shall find the record of an altogether different point of view within the Catholic Church toward the "Other Sheep." The thirteenth century has been described as the greatest of centuries. There are some reasons for questioning this statement which, like so many other summary comparisons, concentrates upon a few selected factors to the neglect of many others which enter into the total situation. In one very important respect, however, the thirteenth century may truly be called greater that the century in which we live. In the thirteenth century, truth was not merely an object of academic investigation; it was the substance around which the organization of society attained a coherent and consistent expression. For the medieval mind, truth was something to be lived by, not merely something to be known. And for the thirteenth century mind the source of truth was a real and personal God, an Infinite Being Who transcended the being of human experience and was at the same time immanent within it, as its objective basis and its ultimate explanation. For the thirteenth century mind, moreover, there was no difficulty in conceiving the possibility that God, the Source of all truth, might have made known the richness of His Being through revelations which would rise higher than the discoveries of reason and might have imposed precepts and norms of conduct on man which would supplement and complete the principles of the natural law.

It was from this point of view that the medieval mind looked at the Church. The historical fact of the foundation of the Church was so evident in the thirteenth century that no one called it into question. At that time men were 700 years closer than we are to the historical background in which the life of Christ was situated. The impact of Christ's teaching, of His sublime example, of the zeal and enthusiasm of His followers, was far stronger and more positive on the medieval mind than it could possibly be on our minds, conditioned as we have been by seven centuries of intervening experience.

For the medieval mind, however, the Church was something more than a historical fact and its right to function was guaranteed by something more than its continued existence and its worldly prestige. For the medieval mind the Church had been founded by Jesus Christ; it was not one among many similar institutions, nor was membership in it left to the choice of those for whom its blessings were intended. Its field of operation was the whole world; its members were all who would share in the humanity which its Divine Founder had assumed in the mystery of the Incarnation; its mission was to establish on earth a spiritual kingdom which would be transformed in eternity into the heavenly Kingdom in which men would find peace in the presence of God Himself.

It is remarkable that this concept of the Church could have been so clearly defined at a time when the actual extension of the Church was far more restricted than it is today and when large segments of the world's population had not yet learned of its claims to their allegiance. It is no less remarkable that there was no question in the minds of medieval theologians of defending the Church's claims against those who refused to accept them. Treatises on apologetics and fundamental theology, so important in the training of priests for the ministry of the twentieth century, had not been developed in the thirteenth century in anything like their present proportions. The great theological Summa of St. Thomas Aquinas, so broad and sweeping in its presentation of the principles of philosophy and the divinely revealed truths which indicate nature's elevation through grace, contains few explicit references to the Church beyond those which assume its right to exist as beyond all controversy.

It is not surprising, then, that in the thirteenth century the prevailing attitude toward the "Other Sheep" was not softened by the overtones of tolerance which are so prominent in our relations with our non-Catholic brethren at the present time. In the thirteenth century infidelity and heresy were regarded as crimes against society no less than offences against God. The judicial procedures proper to the Inquisition, which seem so harsh and unfeeling as we study about them in history, were as understandable to the medieval mind as our investigations of communism at the present time. We are thus brought face to face with the fact that the lost sheep of today have strayed farther than



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the lost sheep of seven centuries ago, and that the world in which these lost sheep roam, despite its progress in other directions, has lost much of the consciousness of its relation with God that was the real reason why the thirteenth century was the greatest of all centuries.

What should be our attitude toward the "Other Sheep?" In what spirit are we to implore Almighty God during this Chair of Unity Octave that those who are separated from the True Church may be brought under Christ's Vicar to the unity of faith for which Christ so ardently prayed?

In the light of our reflections on the contrast between the medieval mind on this matter and our own thinking, we are led to the following conclusion: we should approach the "Other Sheep" in a spirit of love for the truth of God's revelation regarding His Church, in a spirit of tolerance born of love of the truth and nurtured in supernatural charity and in a spirit of zeal for the triumph of the truth over the disintegrating influences of hatred and dissension.

In a spirit of love, first of all, for the truth that God has founded through Christ our Lord a Church to which all men are bound to belong. We must hold fast today to this fundamental principle that the medieval mind grasped with such clarity and firmness. Seven centuries of rationalism and atheistic humanism have not changed the revelation made by God to our forebears that His Church has been established on Peter the Rock, that Christ Who came to this earth to be the Mediator between God and man, has endowed the Church with spiritual vitality in His Grace, and that the gates of hell which open threateningly to all who despise the truth will never prevail against the Church. Our loyalty to the Church has deeper roots than those which spring from admiration of its glorious achievements in the past, from love of its comforting and enlightening ministrations in the world in which we live, or from hope in its beneficent possibilities for the disorders which seem to darken the horizons of the future. We love the Church principally because we love God, Who sent Christ our Lord to found it, and because we love Christ Who delivered Himself to His Passion and Death to sanctify it. We love the Church because we humbly acknowledge that it is God's Will that we be brought to eternal salvation through the Church's ministrations, and because we cannot honestly look elsewhere than in the Church for the means of sustaining our religious life. We yearn ardently for the return of the "Other Sheep" to the fold, but we cannot point out to them any other pathway than that which is paved with the hard rocks of God's changeless Being and illuminated by the penetrating rays of God's revelation of His Will.

It is not enough that we seek union with our separated brethren because we hope thereby to make the world a better place to live in, or because we want our churches to be filled, or because we fear the scandal of dissension among those who profess their love of God. Our program of convert-making should be constructively based on the basic truth of Christ's teaching on the unity of His Church, and on the exclusive right of the Church to present the teachings of His revelation and to sanctify men through the dispensation of His grace. We must not water down the content of the dogmas of faith to meet the demands of an over-critical and self-indulgent intelligentsia. We must not dissimulate the sterner truths of the exacting requirements of Christian morality and the penalties of eternal punishment by emphasizing more appealing doctrines such as the mercy of God and the glories of supernatural life in the Mystical Body of Christ. We must not present the Church merely as a haven of refuge for non-Catholics who are disagreed among themselves on the interpretation of God's revelation and dissatisfied with the programs of contemporaneous non-Catholic sects.

We must, however, approach the "Other Sheep" in a spirit of tolerance born of our love of the truth, which is the mainstay of our own loyalty to the Church, and in a spirit of supernatural charity which will recognize in them souls whom Christ has loved and not wayward rebels who have deliberately rejected Christ's teachings. We cannot meet the problem of the "Other Sheep" in the modern world with the unbending severity which was appropriate seven centuries ago, when infidelity and heresy were largely the result of personal malice and not the consequences, as they are today, of faulty education and deep-seated misunderstanding and prejudice.

Never before, perhaps, have men been more eager and willing to accept the teachings of the Church than they are today. Never before has the need of religion been more insistently experienced by vast multitudes who either have no convictions whatever, on which to base their desire for God, or have looked in vain for satisfaction of this desire in religions which have falsified the fundamental principles of the supernatural life. In a spirit of genuine charity we must be friendly and affable toward our non-Catholic friends and neighbors as we meet them in the various circumstances in which modern life brings us together. We must act on the assumption that their hearts are right and their intentions honest unless we have proof positive to the contrary. We must not jump to (*Cont. on page* 26)

*See page one for details*

During its twenty-one years of continuous broadcasting, Graymoor's *Ave Maria Hour* has been an occasion of grace for countless souls throughout the world

# A BLESSED RAIN

*by* ALCUIN EGAN, S.A.

Fr. Anselm, S.A., the originator of the **Ave Maria Hour.**

Fr. Paul James Francis, S.A. Founder of the Graymoor Friars, speaking on an **Ave Maria Hour** broadcast at Graymoor.

IT was raining quite heavily in New York City that afternoon in April, 1935, as Father Anselm, S.A., an energetic Graymoor priest in his early forties, walked along busy Broadway. As he walked, with his black coat pulled close around his neck, the hurrying passers-by probably never even noticed him. Carrying the same old briefcase he had used in the seminary, his head was high and his eyes had the twinkle of youth and expectancy.

At an early age he had come with his family from Italy, and before going to Graymoor in 1913 to study for the priesthood, he had worked for a brokerage firm on Wall Street. And so, though he was now some fifty miles from his monastery home in the Hudson Highlands, the streets of this great city were familiar to him. But not Broadway. That rainy afternoon he was not merely taking a leisurely walk. Nor was he sightseeing. Father Anselm was on Broadway for business. And it was important business, too. For, in the Providence of God, this day was to mark the beginning of Father Anselm's greatest priestly work and a new apostolate for the Graymoor Friars. On this rainy day in April 1935, the now world famous *Ave Maria Hour* got its first start.

As the director of St. Christopher's Inn, Graymoor's shelter for homeless men, Father Anselm shared with Father Paul, the Founder and Superior General of the Graymoor Friars, the heavy burden of supporting the Inn. For Graymoor, along with the rest of the world, was keenly feeling the results of the depression.

FROM the first days of his priesthood, Father Anselm showed that he had a world vision. At the same time, he was gifted with a keen and creative mind together with the imagination of an advertising executive. He was always thinking up projects of various kinds for the glory of God and the advancement of His Church. Around this time, he had mentioned to Father Paul his idea of starting a radio program, but because such a program would necessitate more money than the small community could afford, he received little encouragement.

However, he finally secured Father Paul's permission, provided he raise the money necessary for the first six programs. This condition was no obstacle for Father Anselm. Within a short time, he managed to get interested friends of Graymoor to pledge $8,000 for his proposed radio program.

The *Ave Maria Hour* was the result of two ambitions on the part of Father Anselm. First, to promote devotion to Our Blessed Mother; second, to help Father Paul provide financial support for the ever increasing number of men who were coming to St. Christopher's Inn, seeking food, shelter and clothing.

With Father Paul's blessing and the assurance of financial backing, Father Anselm left Graymoor early that morning in April, 1935. Though it was raining and the day was gloomy, he was radiantly happy. Fingering his well worn rosary, he prayed to Our Blessed Mother to make the day successful. And (*Cont. on page* 12)

Bro. Terence, Fr. Alcuin and Fr. Xavier listen to the latest recording of the program's current series, "The Life of Christ."

At the Columbia Recordings studio in New York City, Fr. Alcuin checks a script of "The Life of Christ" series with director Carlo de Angelo, script writer Joseph Cochran, and announcer Dick Janaver.

## A Blessed Rain

Continued from page 11

we who knew Father Anselm can picture him saying rosary after rosary as the train rattled along the banks of the Hudson towards New York City.

Reaching the city, he went directly to the radio station he felt would be interested in his proposal. Father explained that he wanted to produce a radio program to be known as the *Ave Maria Hour*. It was to be broadcast from St. Christopher's Inn at Graymoor and would consist of services in the chapel with the Brothers Christopher singing hymns and reciting prayers. There would also be Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament and a sermon. The program director listened to the zealous priest but gave him no encouragement. Leaving the building, Father Anselm found when he got to the street that the rain was now coming down like a mid-summer storm. He was trying to decide where to go for shelter, when he happened to notice across the street a large sign which read: WOR. This he knew was a radio station. Some would say that it was on impulse that he ran across the street in the rain and entered the WOR building. Impulse never moved Father Anselm on this wonderful day in his life. It was a real inspiration of the Holy Ghost. And as the afternoon progressed, he was to find far more than a shelter from the rain.

At first the program director was not very encouraging. He told Father Anselm that he would have to have something more concrete to offer than just an idea. Just then a young man passed by the office where the two were talking. "There's a man who produces radio shows," the program director announced. "Why not see if he will help you?"

The young "producer," it turned out, was really a small time radio actor who had evidently realized that he would get nowhere as an actor, and so decided to try his hand at the production end of radio. He had time on his hands and so he listened to Father Anselm. He pointed out, however, that such a program would be unattractive on radio. The format had been tried before, but was never successful except for a local outlet. It would be difficult, he explained, to sell the idea to a radio station, and it would be more difficult to get people to listen to it.

Father then took out a copy of St. Alphonsus' "The Glories of Mary" and opened it to a chapter on the life of St. Mary of Egypt. The producer took the book rather indifferently, but the moment he read the paragraphs on St. Mary, his face beamed a bit and he remarked, "We might have something here that would go over on radio." He asked to borrow the book and promised that he would try to get a script written on the life of St. Mary of Egypt.

Going out of the building, the producer chanced upon a script writer whom he knew slightly. He called her and asked if she would write a half-hour dramatic script. She seemed interested but, when he mentioned a deadline, she demurred. However, as both were very much in need of work at the time, she consented. It was still raining when Father Anselm returned to Graymoor that night.

The writer worked a day and a night on the script and immediately submitted it to the producer. It was then presented to Father Anselm who happily approved it. With the negotiations at WOR completed, all that had to be done now was to arrange for the cast and schedule the broadcast.

Soon the exciting time for the first *Ave Maria Hour* broadcast arrived. At 4:30 in the afternoon, Sunday, April 28, 1935, Father Paul and a small group of his Friars sat expectantly around the radio in the community recreation room. While an organ softly played Gounod's "Ave Maria", the announcer began, "In all the history of mankind, one bright thread has run through the gray and tangled web of human life. It is a touch of the spiritual world beyond this material world—a revelation of the love surpassing human love, wisdom and strength surpassing those of men." The organ continued to play softly as the announcer went on, "In almost every age and in every land there have been noble souls who sensed its presence. Such were the saints. Not superhuman creatures, existing only to pray and sing hymns —but men and women like ourselves. They knew temptations, failure, loneliness and sometimes fear. Many of them knew poverty and the world's scorn. Their story constitutes the story of man's age-long search for God—and of God's infinitely patient wooing of the heart of man. It is the greatest of all romances, the noblest of all tales of adventure. We offer you these tales of the saints humbly and with reverence—and in the hope that, through them, those who have been but names to you may become friends."

Thus, without fanfare, the *Ave Maria Hour* began its career. Radio itself was only 15 years old at the time.

Its first simple broadcast, retelling the beautiful story of St. Mary of Egypt, who triumphed over sin to serve her Master perfectly, won the hearts of a vast host of listeners and brought more than 1,000 letters to Graymoor in the weeks that followed. Father Anselm had realized his dream.

Looking back over the 21 years of our radio apostolate, nearly 1,100 individual *Ave Maria Hour* programs have been broadcast by the Graymoor Friars—week after week without interruption. During these years the saints, whose lives have been portrayed on the *Ave Maria Hour*, have become "friends" to a vast throng of people the world over.

Soon after the first broadcast, four more stations carried the program.

Continued on page 30

### 21st Anniversary Mass

To commemorate the twenty-first anniversary of the inauguration of the **Ave Maria Hour,** a Solemn Mass of Thanksgiving will be offered in the chapel of St. Christopher's Inn, Saturday morning, April 28, 1956. In 1935, Father Anselm, S.A., as Director of St. Christopher's Inn, received the original inspiration to found the program.

Fr. Michael Sugrue, S.A., director of the program from 1940 to 1944, will celebrate a Votive Mass in honor of Our Lady of the Atonement. He will be assisted by Fr. Andrew Lewis, S.A., who directed the program from 1944 to 1946, as deacon, and Fr. Alcuin Egan, S.A., the present director, as subdeacon. Fr. Michael will deliver the sermon. The friars' choir will sing. In attendance will be the Brothers Christopher from the Inn.

The actors, actresses, script writers, technicians, and everyone who has helped with the production of the **Ave Maria Hour** in the course of the past 21 years will be remembered at the Mass. The countless souls whose charitable offerings have made possible the continuance of the program will also share in the spiritual benefits of the Holy Sacrifice.

# One Faith-One Lord

INSUFFICIENT TO MEET THE NEED. The world Catholic population increases annually by 700,000, but the average increases in the non-Catholic population is 15,000,000. The smaller figure can be increased to include those who are born of Catholic parents, for we figure that one-fifth of the more than 5,000,000 children born in the United States in 1956 will be baptized. But the fact still stands: The increase of the faithful is not in proportion to the increase of the world population. Every Catholic must be an apostle—by prayer, alms, and service to those who are not of the faith.

HAIL MARY FROM THE COPTIC RITE. "Hail Mary, fair dove who has borne God the Word for us! We greet thee with the Angel Gabriel, saying: Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Hail, ever Virgin and very Queen; hail, glory of our race! Thou hast borne for us Emmanuel.

We pray thee to remember us, O faithful advocate with Jesus Christ, that He may forgive us our sins. Amen."

OUR FRIENDS IN BAGHDAD. Recently we received a letter from a student at the Jesuit College of the Sacred Heart in Baghdad, Iraq. Our readers may recall that this institution has a large picture of Our Lady of the Atonement which they received last summer. The faculty and students observe the Chair of Unity Octave faithfully every year as the following letter, quoted in part, indicates. "As you might know," writes Majid Shammamy, one of the students, "there are five rites in Baghdad, namely, Chaldean, Syrian, Latin, Greek, and Armenian and during the Octave priests from various rites came and celebrated the liturgy. Large numbers of the Sodalists and other boys would receive Holy Communion during these days. During religion periods the whole Catholic student body would say special prayers for Unity.

"The literature you sent was very helpful. We had a sample of each booklet posted on the bulletin board. Many Catholic boys took some of these pamphlets to read them. Thank you very much again for sending them to us."

LEARNING CATHOLIC TEACHING BY MAIL. For several years now we have had a Catholic Correspondence Course for those who wish to learn more about the Catholic faith, either for Catholics who want to acquire a deeper knowledge of their religion or non-Catholics who desire to know what the Church teaches but are unable to do so, except through this means.

If you are interested or if you know someone who is interested, kindly send the name and address to the National Office, Chair of Unity Octave, Graymoor, Garrison, N.Y. There is no cost or obligation. We welcome your interest and participation.

FROM BARRIGADA, GUAM. After the Unity Octave we receive heartening letters from people in various parts of the country and of the world. One that we would like to share with you is from Elizabeth Leon Guerrero of San Vicente Junior High, Barragada, Guam.

"I wish to introduce our class," she writes. "We're a group of 57 pupils in the eighth grade of San Vicente Junior High School in Barrigada, a village on the island of Guam.

"During the Chair of Unity Octave many of the boys and girls attended Mass daily, and received Holy Communion, offering them and other prayers for the Unity Octave. Mass in our church is at six a.m. so the boys and girls who lived outside the village were not able to attend. All of us did offer our prayers and sacrifices for the Octave intentions.

"Our teachers, the School Sisters of Notre Dame, told us you would be very happy to know about this since you are the Fathers who began the Octave. This is our first year in a Catholic school and so it is the first time we ever heard about this wonderful Octave. We will try to get more interested in it next January."

BASIS OF CATHOLIC UNITY. "When we speak of religious unity, we speak of something that can be founded and built up only on what is real, true, definite. No merely human good will or human fellowship will or can achieve it. The basis of Christian unity is plainly put forth by our Blessed Lord Himself in the seventeenth chapter of St. John's Gospel. This chapter is repeatedly cited as an illustration of the consuming love of Christ for us. It is overpowering in its love. But its love is based on fact, upon truth—not abstract truth, but definite truth—truth as real and definite and concrete as the nailing to the Cross on the morrow of the Body of Jesus Christ Whose lips uttered it.

"When we speak of Catholic Unity, we speak, therefore, of a definite faith that one must accept: of definite principles into which one must empty himself and mold himself—principles of mind and heart and flesh. Catholic Unity is far removed from mere sentiment. It is founded upon those truths of the Catholic Church which in their clarity, sublimity, and definiteness dissipate all error; exact a separation from and a detestation of false teaching, and, not only a personal consecration of the individual to God, but an entire remarking and remolding of the self in Christ." (Very Rev. John J. Burke, C.S.P.)

BURN A VOTIVE LIGHT
in honor of
Bl. Martin de Porres
Good Health
See complete details on page 32

*See page one for details*

# A SONG FOR HIM

*by* JOHN PATRICK GILLESE

THE other day I drove from Edmonton to Old Otter Creek to be home for a special ceremony honoring some of the pioneer settlers of that northern Alberta community. Walt Daniels, the mayor now, made a speech. So did a member of the legislature, an ex-Otter Creek boy himself. My eyes were focussed on one man up there on the platform, a great man in size, sitting uncomfortably in the midst of all the attention. And looking at him, there was suddenly such emotion stirring inside me, I could hardly hear what the mayor was saying.

"Twenty years ago, what was there in this town—this home of wheat kings and war heroes?" Old Walt had turned into quite an orator. "We had nothing here—only the dirt roads snaking into the bush. . . ."

How well I remembered!

I was just past seven the sultry August night my mother and I climbed off the train and saw my father standing on the old plank platform.

"Nellie—Ellen!" He came running across the cinders, as if seeing two ghosts. "I rode in with Joe, hoping for a letter—Nellie, what brought you from Edmonton?"

My mother never did tell him.

Dad had left us with my grandma while he "got started" on a homestead 170 miles north of Edmonton. He didn't know a thing about homesteading 20 years ago, but he'd told my mother he was sick of the depression, sick of the city. Mother figured he would soon be back to take his chances in Edmonton. Instead, he wrote glowing letters of Old Otter Creek, of the people pioneering it, of the cabin he was fixing up. Then he sent this last letter, telling Mother "it might be better if you and Ellen don't come till next spring—fall's coming in awful fast and the winters up here are pretty tough."

MY mother dropped the letter as if it had bitten her. "Mother!" she said to Grandma. "Jim doesn't love me any more!"

"Always thought that boy had gumption," Grandma said, knitting away. "A man like him gets tired sitting around saying pretty things—especially to his own wife."

Color rose in my mother's cheeks. "What would you do?" she said.

"Heh!" Grandma laughed. "I always say it's a wise woman never lets her husband learn how well he can make out without her. Look in my old silver teapot—there ought to be enough money there for your train-fare."

So there we were at Old Otter Creek, staring at the two or three houses and half-a-dozen false-fronted buildings carved out of a vast expanse of black bushland. The lighted train swayed on down its cinder bed, disappearing deeper into the bush.

Mother was still trying to explain her sudden decision when, from the direction (*Cont. on page* 18)

Mother didn't like the loneliness of the North Country at all. It took a near disaster to show her that a lot of things can be borne if one neighbor helps another in time of need

# Graymoor Annals

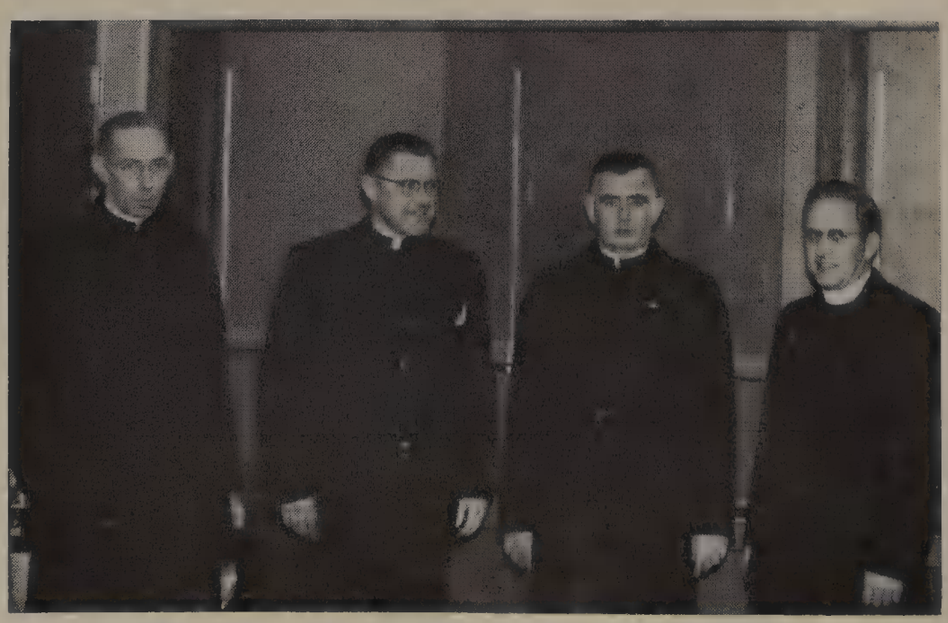
LAST JANUARY one of the great movements initiated by Father Paul, the Chair of Unity Octave, was observed for the forty-ninth consecutive time. This year's observance in cathedrals and impressive churches with publicity that spanned the globe, was a far cry from the humble beginning nearly a half century past when Father Paul, Mother Lurana, and a small group of people prayed for Unity from January 18th to January 25th in 1908. At that time there were no approved prayers; the people were asked to offer the rosary, Mass, and Communion for the intentions of Christian Unity. Indeed the Octave was not even a Catholic devotion—until approved in 1909 by St. Pius X, after Father Founder and his Society of the Atonement and their associates entered the Fold of Peter.

Ten of our Friar Priests preached the Octave in various cities such as Detroit, Harrisburg, Pa., Altoona, Pa., Brockton, Mass., Jersey City, N.J., and other places, while other priests directed the Octave observances in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City; the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, Washington, D.C., Church of the Gesu, Rome; St. Mary's Cathedral, Ogdensburg, N.Y.; Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul in Providence, Rhode Island, as well as in St. Vincent's Church, Corning, N.Y., and St. Patrick's Church, Elmira, N.Y.

We have received many letters concerning the Octave and Unity from different parts of the world. From France, England, Denmark, Spain, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Zululand (Africa), Australia, New Zealand and India. They came as well from Hawaii, Alaska, Canada and the United States. All of them cheer us with the development and the spread of the Chair of Unity Octave, a world-wide devotion which had its birth at our beloved Graymoor.

We are pleased to note that some of our literature has been translated into Italian, French, and German. From Germany we learned that they call us "Franciscan Friars of Reunion in the Faith"—for they do not have a word equivalent to our Atonement. The Blessed Virgin whom we salute as Our Lady of the Atonement is called "Our Lady of Reunion in the Faith." We think that she is pleased with the appellation, even though it is not exactly the same as our Graymoor title for her. However, she is surely Our Lady of Unity.

The little book by Father Titus, *Father Paul: Apostle of Unity* has been translated into Italian, French, and Flemish (Belgium) and may be translated into German and Spanish in the near future. We rejoice that Father Paul and his mission of Unity are becoming known and more appreciated in other parts of the world. Encouraging letters have come from bishops and cardinals in every sector of the Catholic world commending the work and zeal of our Founder. †



Fr. John Forest, Fr. Simeon, Very Rev. Fr. General, Fr. Richard

AT ST. JOHN'S ATONEMENT SEMINARY in Montour Falls, Timothy Griffin, President of the Chair of Unity League, reports that the circulation of *Key Notes* has just about doubled. We are very happy that many Newman Clubs in various State and other Universities are subscribing. This little magazine deals with various aspects of Protestantism in America and abroad as well as with Christian Unity in general. Edited by John Broderick with the assistance of Eugene Prus and his staff, *Key Notes* comes out eight times a year.

If you are interested in Christian Unity and would like to receive *Key Notes* gratis, write a post card to:

The Editor
Key Notes
St. John's Atonement Seminary
Montour Falls, N.Y. †

IN ADDITION to the Chair of Unity League, we also have a Catholic Students' Mission Crusade Unit directed by the High School students. In this small but important way, we participate in the two-fold vocation of the Society of the Atonement, namely, Christian Unity and the Missions. David Fitzgerald, President of the C.S.M.C. Unit here, recently told

us that clothes, medals, shoes, holy cards, hats and prayer books are needed. The Unit sends these things to the missions of our own Community and to many other missions. Next month we will tell you more about it, but right now we would like to ask you to look around your home and see if you can't find some serviceable things that could be used for the missions. Would you also ask your neighbors to do the same. So long as the things are serviceable, even though they are old, we can use them. We ask you, please, to send them to us here so that we can send them to the missionaries who use the medals and religious articles and other things as prizes, and who use the old clothing, etc. to help the poor and sometimes bring converts to the True Church. Would you address this material to:

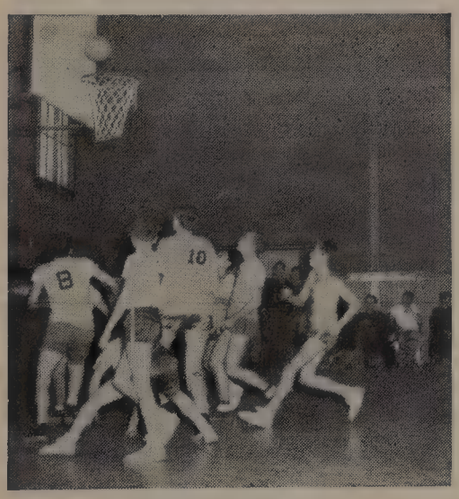
C.S.M.C.
St. John's Atonement Seminary
Montour Falls, N.Y. †

SINCE WE ARE seminarians without religious vows, we cannot be members of the Third Order Regular like the priests and brothers who wear the Atonement habit. However, we are true Franciscans because all of us are members of the Third Order Secular and have a fraternity much the same as one in a parish.

St. Francis is our father, friend, ideal and patron. We endeavor to follow him as closely as possible in his love for God, the Church, and all men.

Anthony Slwia, Prefect of the Third Order, is making preparation for the regular inspection of the Third Order visitor who usually comes around this time of year.

Our Varsity Basketball Team, The Hawks, plays every Sunday with the local parish and school teams. Father Ralph is our coach.



Let's go, St. John's

*See page one for details*

Our Junior Varsity, too, has made a record that we are proud of. Jim McCay is strong with rebounds. Joe Gagen's set shots are deadly, and with Dennis Walsh's and Kevin Jones's speed, Father Peter, the coach, has a right to boast "I have a great group on my team." †

LAST MONTH we should have told you about our new ice skating rink. We didn't; perhaps because we have a painful grudge against it. (Incidentally, we would appreciate it very much if some talented LAMP reader were to invent a pair of skates for the hind part of the human anatomy). Well, in January, Fred Haggerty took advantage of Nature, a hose, a tennis court, and a little bit of his own ingenuity to build us a skating rink. We enjoyed it very much. Right up to the beginning of last month you could see Graymoor's counterpart of a Dick Button out on the rink having a good time. Skating is a great way to relax, particularly after a tough examination. †

THE FOLLOWING NEW NOVICES were received into the Society of the Atonement at Our Lady of the Atonement Novitiate, Valley Falls, R.I. on January 26, 1955:

Donald Reece.....Brother Philip
James MacDonald.....Brother Angelus
Donald Hildreth.....Brother Adunatus
John Stauring.....Brother Dismas
Robert Hildenbrand.....Brother Regis
David O'Leary.....Brother Didacus
Robert Cornelius.....Brother Daniel
Roland Ouelette.....Brother Justin
Henry Young.....Brother Liam
Ronald Threm.....Brother Xavier
Alexander Sazillo.....Brother Raymond
Grady Hancock.....Brother Mario
Carl Young.....Brother Matthew
Harold MacDonald.....Brother Eugene
Paul Chaisson.....Brother Charles
Joseph Ulrich.....Brother Cletus
William Samuels.....Brother Mark
Irving Stone.....Brother Julian
Joseph Almeida.....Brother John

The following Novices were Professed also on January 26, 1955:

Charles P. Melia.....Brother Kevin, S.A.
Ridgefield Park N.J.

Joseph J. Nowacki....Brother Marion, S.A.
Torrington, Conn.

John D. Houlihan..Brother Gabrielle, S.A.
Centerdale, R.I.

Leonard Bloch....Brother Stanislaus, S.A.
Buffalo, N.Y.

Cardinal Agagianian and
Fr. Raphael, S.A.

WE HEAR quite frequently from Father Pacificus who was assigned to our missions in Japan some months ago. He tells us that he is learning the language fairly well. He further writes:

"Bishop Luke Arai visited our Friary in Tsurumi at the start of the year and he had quite a bit to tell us about his impression of the U.S. and especially of Graymoor. During the conversation after dinner, the matter of vocations came up, with special attention given to our own Japanese candidates. Bishop Arai said a wonderful thing, I think; he called it the "American spirit of sacrifice, giving and receiving." He said that despite the fact that he wants to see his own diocesan clergy grow, he wants also to see Graymoor in Japan grow with native Japanese. He said that by allowing these vocations to enter our community, God will in turn doubly bless and increase the number of diocesan vocations. He said that this spirit of giving to the point of suffering real privation is greatly responsible for the vitality of the Church in the United States. The Church in the States has generously answered the call of the Missions in every land, despite its tremendous need for priests, sisters, and brothers at home.

Our own candidacy in Japan is developing nicely. It is now about two years old and at present Fr. Eric, director of the candidates, has five boys, three for the priesthood and two for the brotherhood. He tells us that two more candidates are expected in the near future. The candidates are

Continued on page 24

## A Song For Him

Continued from page 14

of the combination store and post-office—which Walt Daniels ran then—there came the loudest yell I had ever heard.

"Hey, Jeem? You r'ady?"

"Coming!" my father yelled back—so loudly my mother jumped.

"Who in the world is that?" she asked my father.

"Joe Baraska," father said warmly. "He and his wife have been wonderful to me, Nellie." Then he looked at my mother a bit doubtfully. "If they seem a bit rough to you at first—well, try to remember in the bush country you gotta yell. No phones."

At the Baraska's wagon, Dad introduced us. Joe Baraska was two feet across the shoulders. His wife, Stella, was equally hefty; her loud laughter seemed to make an echo on the empty streets.

Joe picked me up as if I'd been a doll and swung me up in the air. His red mustaches shone in the moonlight.

"What's dis? A little fairy or a little girl? You gonna be Joe's little girl, heh?"

"No," I said, and started to cry.

"Sure! Jeem tol' me he give you to me—"

"Put her down, Joe!" Stella laughed and gave Joe a slap on the back that I'm sure would have knocked my father over. "My man!" she laughed at Mother. "Just crazy about kids!" Her laugh seemed a little strained. "I am not so lucky like you."

"Well, never mind, old woman!" Joe yelled cheerfully. "Mebbe one of dese Indians get hard up and sell us a kid. A little black-haired girl, mebbe—"

My mother was looking at my father in horror. To Father's embarrassment, Joe saw the look. He misunderstood it, however.

"What difference if she's an Indian? Kid is kid—kid is joy. I'm half-breed myself—half-Russian, half-Polish, half-Ukrainian."

By this time, Father had got our scattered belongings into the wagon. With a mighty roar from the head of the Baraska household, we jolted down the streets. Stella insisted Mother and I sit on the spring seat, but at the first culvert, raised two inches above the rest of the road, we were thrown to our feet. After another mile, Mother declined to sit any more.

Deeper into the bush we went, following a crooked snake-trail. The Baraskas lived seven miles from Old Otter Point; our "farm" was four miles from that. Joe and his wife kept talking incessantly at the top of their lungs till finally it seemed to strike both of them that my mother hadn't said a word for an hour.

Both Dad and Joe tried to engage her in conversation. Mother tried, but she couldn't. It was too unreal. Finally Joe took off his cap and scratched his great unruly thatch of black hair.

"We sing, mebbe? We sing for your mother!"

At the top of his voice he began:

"Put on your old gray bonnet
Wit the red ribbon on it—"

At that moment, a big timberwolf slunk across the trail ahead of us, his hair shaggy silver in the moonlight. He lifted his muzzle and howled. "Howph-how-ooo-ooo—"

"How—you-yourself!" Joe roared back. The wolf leaped for the timber.

Stella nearly died laughing. "That man of mine—" Then she saw my mother, almost frozen with fright. And I had started to cry again.

"Missus!" Stella poked my mother in the ribs. "That not hurt you—"

"Now-now-now, little fairy!" Joe took me up beside him. "She's just a poor little wil' doggy, Ellen. Here—you drive for Joe, heh?"

The journey to Baraska's took over two hours. They had a little two-room cabin, whitewashed inside and hung with dozens of religious pictures. By the time Dad and Joe had the team unhitched and fed, Stella had a meal ready for us. It was the first time I had ever tasted *borscht*—hot beet soup, enriched with vegetables. I ate so much I couldn't eat anything else. By the time the meal was finished, my mother's face was white in the light of the coal-oil lamp. I was nodding my chin on the rough board table.

Joe's booming chuckle wakened me. "The little girl's sleepy, heh? Well, we sleep in the hayloft. You sleep here."

"Here?" My mother sat bolt upright. "Oh, no—"

"Ya" said Stella. "Your place too far tonight. Joe drive you tomorrow."

"That's very decent of you, Joe," my father said. "But we'll sleep in the loft."

"No-no-no-no!" Joe raised his hands in horror. "Your wife, Jeem—she not used to dis yet—"

"Oh, Nell's slept in a hayloft lots of times," my father laughed. "We insist, Joe!"

My mother almost fell off, climbing the ladder to the loft. Joe, swinging his lantern, went singing back to the cabin—singing at the top of his lungs.

"Jim!" my mother whispered. "Jim!"

"Now, Nellie," my father said gently, "I couldn't let them do that, hon! I just couldn't!"

"That man!" my mother said.

"Joe?" A shaft of moonlight showed up the look of worry on father's face. "Nellie, Joe is—he's the soul of this country!" That was quite a sentence for my father to utter. "Anything you want, you go to Joe. Anything he has, you can have it—even when he needs it himself. He practically opened up the coalmine here by himself. He trades with the Indians. He supervised the building of the schoolhouse. Nellie, I wouldn't go back to the dirty old flats of Edmonton—Aw, hon," my father said, "don't be scared! This chunk of northern Canada is the last place in the world where a man can find this life. You'll love it, too."

I'm sure Mother was relieved the next morning when we finally came in sight of our home. It wasn't much—a log cabin with a sod roof, standing under an arch of swaying spruce. But in it, I guess, Mother saw a family together again.

My dad didn't see the tears in her eyes. He was looking at the place his own hands had built. "That's home," my dad said. "*Our* home, darlings."

So . . . Mother's homesteading life started.

First, we had to "hurry up" the chinking of the cabin—the gaps between the peeled white poplar logs would have frozen us in winter. The Baraskas showed us how to make mud plaster that, Joe assured us, would keep the place like an oven.

BURN A VOTIVE LIGHT
in honor of
ST. ANTHONY
Finder of Lost Things

See complete details on page 32




*Be a Graymoor Sponsor*

Walt Daniels gave us whitewash on credit. The evening the place was finished, I think even Mother felt the pride of possession—of accomplishment.

"Well, we can't even go to a movie to celebrate." My dad had a shine in his eyes, such as I'd never seen in Edmonton. "But we could go down to the creek and watch the moonlight."

We did—though Mother complained that her bones ached every step of the way. We stood with our backs against the spruce trees and heard nighthawks twang "Bzz-hop!" in the skies. The wind was sweet from the hills, wet from the waters.

"Well—I must say this air is fresh and clean!" my mother said, as if she was trying to look on our new life with the same eye as Dad.

Dad didn't say anything, but he smiled suddenly along his pipe.

He'd got ten acres cleared that summer, and every day I'd go to the breaking with him. It was wonderful to play on the edge of the clearing, smelling the scent of late-blooming tiger lilies and the moist black earth. Sometimes you couldn't see the spruce for the pansy haze that dressed them. Even Mother, when she brought Daddy his lunches—and then took me home with her—could just stand and stare.

Those nights we went to bed early. We rose at five. There were tart red cranberries to pick on the muskeg—Stella showed Mother how to make them into jams and jellies for the winter. The "high bush" season was past—you have to pick those cranberries green, to make jelly— but we picked buckets of ripe ones for sweet "running jelly," which Daddy ate, from a saucer, as dessert. Mother called Daddy a glutton, but secretly she was pleased that he liked her first efforts at preserving so well.

There was the garden to strip and husk before the early frosts nipped it —the garden Daddy had planted while we were still in Edmonton. When the balms were yellowing on Old Otter Creek, we made a bonfire. Blue smoke from the potato vines made more blue haze against the spruce. Daddy leaned on his fork and fell into a daze, watching the fire burn.

"Penny for your thoughts!" Mom laughed.

Continued on page 20

**EDUCATE a worthy boy for the Holy Priesthood!**

**COOPERATE with a struggling missionary!**

**PARTICIPATE in God's holy work!**

**You CAN satisfy the charity burning in your heart to do all of these things. Perhaps, in justice to yourself, you feel that you cannot do them right now. But by remembering the Graymoor Friars in your will you can accomplish all this and share in the rewards promised by Christ. Keep alive the Christian tradition of real charity by sharing something with Christ, Our Blessed Lord and Saviour**

**Here's How: Merely insert in your will:**

**I give, devise, and bequeath to the Friars of the Atonement, Inc., Graymoor, Garrison, N. Y., the sum of_____**

*See page one for details*

## A Song For Him

Continued from page 19

"Eh?" He started and smiled. "Oh —when I planted it, I made a wish. I—I hoped you and Ellen would be here to take it in."

School had opened in September, and I had two miles to walk. Mother was apprehensive—one morning she'd gone out to feed the chickens and seen a lynx crouched in a nearby tree. Dad laughed.

"He just wonders what we're doing in his rabbit country. Those furs will come in mighty handy this winter. And if it's winter you're worrying about, Nell, I have news for you. I got Daisy on credit, too." Daisy was our cow, our first animal. "I'm gonna pay it off working in the coalmine. We call it the Topsy Mine—it just grew from the day Joe dug away the first chunk of riverbank to get a bucketful of coal. Now we have quite a shaft there—it needs to be well-timbered. I had a bit of carpentry experience, so—I'm chosen. Ellen can walk to school with me most of the time."

My mother just looked at him. "Jim! I'll be all alone!"

My dad gave her a strange smile.

"Look at it another way, darling," he said gently. "We'll just be gone from you for a little while each day —doing the things that will make a richer life for us all."

Now, of course, I can understand how hard the winter was on Mother.

Overnight, the bushland turned into a world of white nakedness. Prairie chickens talked in the frozen muskeg where we had gathered cranberries and, before storms, came up to the barnyard to feed. As the snow deepened, Daisy hated to leave the barn. When Dad let her out for water, stained straw was frozen on her sides. The world was cold, confining—though if you got used to going outside, you never minded the paring edge of wind and the cold that nipped your fingertips and toes. When the temperature fell under ten-below, the wind dropped . . . the smoke from the settlers' cabins rose straight upward . . . the spruce cracked under the cannonading of the frost.

After the work at the mine was finished, Dad got traps and snares—on credit—from Walt Daniels. Each evening at dusk he was waiting at the school door for me, bent under a sack of fur—white weasels, long dark mink from the creek and sometimes a pair of grey-brown coyotes, whose fur was thick and warm. Even Mother got so she waited to see what Dad had in his sack, but she didn't like it when I'd pull out a weasel and stick it in her face and yell, "Smell, Mommy!"

With December, heavy snows came—so deep I couldn't go to school. I know now there were days my mother wanted to scream—at the endless, gleaming drifts that hurt the eyes, at the 40-below weather that froze the chickens' combs—at seeing nobody, doing nothing! We had no sleigh—"next winter!" Dad consoled, "and we'll be able to break a trail for Ellen, too"—and Mother used to look for Joe and Stella to drive over, their frost-covered team and cutter kicking up the crisp snow. But Joe was away a lot, buying furs from the Indians, and not even a woman like Stella could wade the four miles through the drifts.

The day before Christmas was about the lowest of all for Mom. Even to me, the little tree, so pathetically gay in its paper trimmings, brought back a memory of the Christmas before at Grandma's. Dad seemed unconcerned—he was going out again, on "the line."

"But, Jim!" my mother begged. "Surely you can rest till after New Year's—"

"In this country, a man doesn't need a rest," my dad said. "More important, he doesn't want one. Anyway, if I look at my traps today, I can stay home all day tomorrow—Christmas Day."

In the late afternoon, brilliant sundogs hung in the brilliant sky.

"More cold weather!" my mother said drearily. "Ellen, let's have a nap —it passes the time."

The early dusk had fallen when we awakened suddenly. We could hear sleigh-bells turning into the yard. It was Dad—and Joe and Stella—laden with packages.

"Merry Christmas!" Joe yelled. "Happy New Year! Where's dat fairy of mine?"

My mother just stood and cried.

"We cheer you up, Nellie!" Joe yelled. And he started bellowing:

"Silent night! Ho-o-oly night!

(Holy Nellie, Stella! You lost your voice?)

She's verra calm, nicely bright—

Heh! My little fairy—sing!")

Even Mother started to sing. Then Stella began opening boxes and cans —supper all prepared. The men milked Daisy and fed the horses, while we hurried up with the dishes. Then the parcels were opened. Daddy hadn't gone on his line at all; he'd walked all the way to the Otter Creek store to sell a few furs and buy us presents. We ate rock candy and cracked nuts around the roaring tin heater, till our little clock told us it was Christmas Day.

Big Joe turned and kissed me on the forehead.

"In Poland," Joe said, "a father always blesses each of his family on Christmas Day. God bless you, my little fairy."

All of a sudden, I wasn't scared of Joe any more. I gave him a kiss back—and I saw my father's eyes, full of gladness, suddenly. . . .

January dragged, in cold and drifts and rainbow-hued sun-dogs scintillating in the sky. The nights were bright and long, and the stars hung low, and the northern lights rustled their colored skirts across the sky.

In February, my mother grew astonishingly pale and heavy—Mother was going to have a baby. The news sent Joe into a sort of ecstasy. His eyes shone. He bounced me on his knee, tickling me with his great red mustaches.

"Another little fairy, heh? Hah—this one you give to Joe, heh? You don't want no little babies—the rabbits might steal heem away, heh?"

The nearest doctor was twenty-five miles away, but Joe told my mother not to worry—Stella was even better than a doctor. He often took her to help the Indian women, he said.

"No," my mother said, when they were gone. "No, Jim, I am not having my child here."

BURN A VOTIVE LIGHT
in honor of
THE LITTLE FLOWER
Roses from Heaven
See complete details on page 32

BURN A VOTIVE LIGHT
in honor of
Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal
Helper in adversities
See complete details on page 32




*Be a Graymoor Sponsor*

She looked around the cabin as if seeing it for the first time—the spider-cracks on the plaster, the magazine pictures we'd put on the wall—the three bare, drab rooms. She looked down at her hands then, chapped and rough. She touched her hair, and there was panic in her voice.

"No, Jim—"

"Okay, hon," my dad said softly, putting his arm around her. "I understand, Nellie. It's different for a man."

"Joe and Stella—they may have good hearts—but, Jim, they're just uncouth foreigners—"

"Okay, hon," my dad said hurriedly. "Okay, darling. . . ."

Mom insisted I go to Edmonton with her. We left on a spring morning when the wheat was showing green on the breaking. After paying his debts and buying seed, Dad had to borrow to send us to the city. But as we waited for the train, he patted Mom and smiled.

"Have fun and take care of yourself. Joe and I'll be taking out coal—I'll board with the Baraskas. Then next winter, we'll have more time to trap, get out timbers. . . ."

Joe—who'd driven us in—drew me apart and stuck a dollar in my hand. Joe whispered—as much as it was humanly possible for Joe to whisper.

"Ellen—I want you to buy me a little baby in Edmonton, heh? But—if you can't buy a nice one for a dollar, you better spend this on yourself, heh?"

We got into Edmonton as the lights were coming on. Mom was tired. I was hungry. Grandma still sat in the same rocker, still knitting—a little wool jacket this time. She peered over her glasses at Momma, who leaned against the doorway taking in her old home—the gas stove, the radio, the stuffed chairs, the soft floors.

"Oh, Mother—the city's just the same! Nothing has changed—"

"Not a thing," Grandma said drily. "Same old soup kitchens, longer relief lines, same old neighbors fighting across their back fences and their kids fighting in the streets, same old stinks—Let's eat!"

I didn't like the milk—it didn't smell like Daisy's. "Too clean," said Grandma. "You used to pick at your

Continued on page 22

# By the Light of the Lamp

**ROSARY . . . A patient asked me when and why the three Hail Marys were added to the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary. I told her the only thing I knew was, we were supposed to ask for an increase of faith, hope, and charity. Would you please send me the information if you have it?**

At the time of St. Dominic, the practice of reciting Hail Marys while meditating on various Mysteries of the Redemption was called the Psaltery of Mary. In the Fifteenth Century, the Psaltery was standardized to a fixed set of fifteen Mysteries with a decade on each Mystery. After that time is was definitely called the Rosary. At the time of the Standardization there was no Creed, no introductory Our Father and three Hail Marys and Glory Be to The Father, and there were no Glory Be To The Fathers at the end of each decade. But, during the course of the centuries that followed, additions were made according to custom or devotion in certain places—precisely when nobody knows.

The apparitions at Fatima, for instance, brought the recitation of "O my Jesus, forgive us, deliver us from the fires of Hell, draw the souls of all to Heaven, especially those in greatest need" at the end of each decade. But this and others of the like are no more than accidental additions which in no way pertain to the essence of the Rosary.

You were correct in telling the patient that the introductory Our Father and three Hail Marys are usually said for an increase of the virtues of faith, hope, and charity.

* * * *

**LAY INVESTITURE . . . Reading a high school religious textbook I came across the term lay investiture. It was mentioned that in the ninth century this practice was common even without a regular election held according to Canon law. It didn't mention whether the person invested was always a religious or if they were sometimes a lay person.**

Investiture designates the act in the ceremonies by which Princes (lay) granted to bishops and abbots the temporal possessions which constituted their benefices. The form of investiture consisted in the delivery of the spiritual emblems, ring and crosier, and sometimes, also, the keys to the Church. As long as the Princes had the welfare of the Church at heart, the right of investiture was tolerated, but when ecclesiastical offices began to be bought and sold, and the free elections of bishops were hindered, the Church vigorously opposed lay investiture.

The people invested, though, that is, the bishops or abbots who received the temporal possessions which constituted their benefices, were truly consecrated bishops and truly blessed abbots.

* * * *

**NON-CATHOLIC MARRIAGE . . . If a Protestant should ask these questions what should I say?**

**"I was divorced. I remarried for security. I have two children by my first marriage. Now I find that I still love my first husband and he wants me back. What should I do?'**

**Should she go back to her first husband? Should her second marriage be considered a valid marriage when she married for security only?**

It is almost impossible to answer any questions about a specific marriage through the mail because the full details can never be thoroughly given. However, I would say this:

If two Protestants who are free to marry, marry before a Justice of the Peace or a Minister, theirs is a valid marriage and remains until death. I assume that this is true in the case you submit. Consequently, in your question, the second marriage is invalid. It is invalid, not because the wife married for security, but because she was married already in the first place.

* * * *

**KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS . . . The Knights of Pythias is now a Protestant organization. Was it once Catholic?**

The Knights of Pythias were founded in Washington, D.C. in 1864 by prominent Freemasons headed by J. H. Rathbone. The Knights of Pythias never were Catholic.

*See page one for details*

# "go teach ye all nations"

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**ATONEMENT SEMINARY**
**WASHINGTON 17, D. C.**


## A Song For Him

Continued from page 21

meals here child—you look healthy now."

After supper, Mother and I both were sleepy. Grandma snorted. "Seen when this was just the beginning of the day for you, Nellie!" Next morning we were awake at five. At six we got dressed and wakened Grandma.

"Land of the Lord!" yelled Grandma. Don't you sleep up there?"

"We're hungry," I said.

The morning dragged, and in the afternoon, Mom took me down with her to the flats, to see old friends. People jostled us. The noise was deafening, as cars and trucks groaned and squealed up McDougall Hill. The flats were dirty and wet, and Mom's friends hardly seemed to know what to talk about.

"I suppose we've changed," Mom told Grandma, at supper. She was very tired. "I can't believe the houses were always that squalid—and crowded—and unhealthy, as if their skin was peeling off! And those girls that hang around the cafes! Some of them should be in school, instead of painting their faces and lolling around those cynical young men. Surely those boys could find something better to do than walk around with their hands in their pockets?"

All of a sudden my mother leaned over and gave a little moan. Grandma took one eye off her knitting needles and glanced at the clock.

"When they're twenty minutes apart, I'll call a cab." She peered at my mother. "Want me to go to the hospital?"

"No," my mother said. She got up and bent over the couch. "Mother, don't bother. I can do—just this little thing—by myself—as a sort of payment for what—for what Jim has done for me."

Next morning Grandma awakened me to tell me we had a little sister. I thought, suddenly, of Joe.

"Does she look like a fairy, Grams?"

Mother was back in six days. Grandma took the baby at the door. "Last time you took a fortnight," she said.

Mom blushed. "Any mail, Mother?"

"Ooh, a few bills—"

"From Jim?"

Grandma looked at her. "He's busy, Nellie. He knows you're all right." Then she softened. "All right, there's a letter—it's to me, too, so I opened it. Says I'm to see you have a good time, get your hair fixed—"

But Mom was racing for the letter. Grams and I had what she called "an inspection" of the baby. To me, she was a disappointing fairy—no hair, loose skin on her forehead, little lips moving, arms reaching blindly upward.

"I don't think Joe would want one like that," I said, but Grandma wasn't listening.

"Ticky-ticky-too!" Grams said, to the baby.

I was lonesome suddenly for Daddy—and Joe.

Three nights later, I was playing with the cat, Grams was knitting, Mom was trying to read. The radio was on and the baby was fed. Mom put down her book and went over to the window. She'd bought a new dress and her hair was piled up in gleaming waves, but she hated to go out on the porch even, now—the neighbors always looked at her, and never spoke.

"Why don't you and Ellen go to a show?" Grams said finally.

"We've seen three already," my mom said. "The movies now—"

All of a sudden I was aware that she was deathly still. Grams' needles had stopped clacking. They were listening to the radio. Suddenly I was, too.

"We interrupt this newscast to bring you a special bulletin," the announcer's impersonal voice said. "A cave-in has occurred at the Topsy Coalmine, 170 miles north of here, trapping two men—"

"No!" screamed my mother.

"The mine—a non-profit venture operated by homesteaders of the Old Otter Creek area—is thought to have been weakened by alternate thawing and freezing of the timbers. The district is settled largely by former relief recipients who have been settling there under a rehabilitation scheme sponsored jointly by the major cities and the Alberta government. Trapped are Joseph Baraska, one of the first settlers to move there under the scheme, and James Collins, recently of Edmonton."

My mother didn't faint—quite. She caught the edge of the wall, then she caught me. "Hush, Ellen, hush!" she pleaded, as the announcer's voice went on.

Residents were hopeful of rescue, the announcer said, and the trapped men were cheerful—"occasionally they sing. Greatest danger is not from suffocation—this mine is very shallow—but from the tons of sliding earth, now held back only by a few cross-timbers in the main shaft. . . ."

Like a woman in a daze, my mother switched off the radio.

"Nellie," Grandmother said, "a woman with a new baby is not much good up there—"

"I wasn't much good when I didn't have a baby. Mother," my mother said, "I'm going home."

"Nellie—" Grandma took her arm. "Well, all right then," Grandma said. "Ellen, bring me my old silver teapot. Think I have enough saved to buy a horse for the baby to ride on—I mean a horse with legs—a live horse. . . ."

It wasn't quite dark when we got off the train, for the days were lengthening fast now. The long sweet days of summer sunshine were near, and the apple-green skies at night. From the edge of town, a nighthawk twanged, making me think of our first night by the river.

The mine pit lay in the long shadows of the Old Otter's sandy banks. Men moved about it, men whose faces were black, whose shirts were wet—men who had never worked on any relief gang as they were working here. There were women, too—cooking over fires, carrying plates of food and cups of scalding coffee to the men. Walt Daniels—who had driven Mother and me there—mingled with them and returned with Mrs. Baraska.

Stella had come to the Topsy in her "choring" clothes—a thick woollen sweater, an apron still over her heavy black skirt. Her eyes would have been better for tears.

"Since dis morning," she said dully, "Joe has not sing."

My mother put out her hand. "Stella—we must have hope—"

Stella's lips moved. "Hope? Mrs. Collins, there is a time for tears—

Continued on page 24

BURN A VOTIVE LIGHT
in honor of
OUR LADY OF THE ATONEMENT
Shepherdess of the wandering sheep
See complete details on page 32

# At St. Anthony's Feet

ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA is the 29th saint to be declared a Doctor of the Church. In some ways he is the most extraordinary of that illustrious and inspired group. He desired to be a martyr and attempted to renounce the academic life of learning in favor of an apostolate to the missions. He became the most typical of the Italian preachers of the Franciscan tradition. Though a great theologian, God's providence disposed that his words should reach not so much the erudite as the very simple; his pulpit was not a university church or a seminary chapel, but the market places and the humble shrines of the poor. He even preached to the fishes in the sea; a strange and challenging Doctor of the Church is St. Anthony of Padua." (Most Rev. Richard Cushing, Archbishop of Boston.)

ST. ANTHONY "shone like a star in the House of God to disperse the darkness or errors, while by his eloquence he revealed the sense of the Scriptures, solved controversies, and clarified doubts."—Pope Leo XIII.

TO UNDERSTAND the immense appeal which St. Anthony of Padua made on the simple people of Christendom in the early years of the thirteenth century we must, I think, remember the ferment in the hearts and hopes of those simple folk. The early legends of St. Anthony's life have dramatized that appeal by spelling it out in terms of miracles, many of which—at this date—are difficult for the critical historican to verify. But one marvel of St. Anthony's life is more certainly verifiable—the marvel of a voice that spoke in that age, at one and the same time, with the passion of a revolutionist, the precision of a dogmatic theologian and the sober responsibility of a practical reformer. Of course, the deepest secret of St. Anthony's appeal was that his passion was the passion of love, not the passion of hate. He was not moved, like the heretics, with hatred for the institutions he wanted to destroy; he was led by love for the people whose lot he wanted to improve." (Fr. Gerald Walsh, S.J.)

THE PASSION OF CHRIST occupied a foremost place in early Franciscan theology and piety. Springing from the hills of Umbria at the feet of Blessed Francis the streamlets of this devotion were gathered by Anthony and later burst forth into a mighty stream—namely Bonaventure's two classics, the *Lignum Vitae* and *Vitis Mystica*. To Anthony, the five wounds are the "five cities in the land of Egypt, speaking the language of Chanaan," as Isaias had foretold (19:18). And this language "speaks better than Abel" (Heb. 12:24). The sacred Wound in the Saviour's side is the City of the Sun (Is. 19:18); it is "the cleft in the rock" whither the soul flees like the bird from the claws of the eagle. It is the gate of heaven and of love divine. Here we strike the roots of the "Cult of the Sacred Heart." For if the blood from the side of a dove, as St. Anthony had read in natural history, has the power to heal blindness, should not the blood from our Saviour's Side heal the blindness of the human race?" (Fr. Thomas Plassman, O.F.M.).

TWO FACTS STRIKE a historian in connection with St. Anthony of Padua. The first is that he won an immediate and permanent place in the hearts of the people of Christendom. The second is that he won a no less immediate and permanent place in the special esteem of the Roman Pontiffs." (Fr. Gerald Walsh, S.J.)

*See page one for details*

## A Song For Him

Continued from page 23

this is my time." She brushed at her eyes and looked down at me. "I have nobody—nobody but Joe," she said.

She moved back to the mine. Mother followed behind her.

The sun went down behind the dark skyline of flushed and lonely spruce. The spring wind was cold. My mother did not know what to do—and I think now I know how she felt. I suppose the thought struck her that her husband, like Joe, belonged to these people—more, actually, than he belonged to her. They needed him and wanted him. They needed him so urgently they could not afford to waste time on her.

She looked down at me—so tired I think she wanted to cry. Then she took my hand and led me to Walt Daniels.

"Mr. Daniels," she said, "may we borrow your team?"

"But, Mrs. Collins—"

"I can drive!" My mother was biting her lip, but she had that look in her eyes like I'd seen before—like when she first decided to join Daddy at Old Otter Creek. "Somebody has to do the chores—"

"But you—"

"I'm not much good—here." Suddenly my mother turned away, so Walt couldn't see the tears flooding uncontrollably down her face. "Mr. Daniels, they'll get my husband and Joe out all right. I know! It was—my husband—who put the timbers in that mine. They'll hold."

Walt didn't say another word.

Mother galloped the team home. It was the first time she had ever unhitched horses, and she could hardly get one uncoupled from the other. I ran and put chips in the stove and held the baby when she fretted. Mother came in and nursed her and made supper while she burped her over her shoulder.

I was too tired to eat, and so sick I thought I could never sleep. But sleep came. Only faintly do I remember my mother taking the milk pail down—and when I awakened the next morning, she had the chores done again. She smiled at me, but her face looked very white.

We drove to Baraska's. The house was cold and still; the cows were bawling, and milk was wetting the ground from their swollen udders. Mother did not do a good job of milking, "but it'll keep them from suffering," she said. "Ellen, we'll go now to the mine—and, darling, believe in the goodness of God. Believe that everything will be all right." She caught me to her for a minute. "Believe," she whispered, "as I never knew how to believe before."

On the incline down to the Topsy, we could see only a few figures moving. Some of the men were sleeping under their wagons. Most of the women had gone back to do chores. Mrs. Baraska had a shovel and was digging alongside the men.

Walt Daniels came up to us.

"We'll soon be through now, Mrs. Collins." He looked away. "There's no noise, but they may be asleep—"

My mother nodded. "Well, Ellen, we can start washing up the dishes and getting more food ready—"

Even as she spoke, a shout—one great noisy shout—went up from the pit. Men sat up under the wagons. Then everybody was running. I was running, too.

They were laughing as we pushed through—the rough, noisy laughter of men who aren't afraid any more. Dad and Joe were lying on blankets—black and still, but with their eyes open. Stella was kneeling over Joe, crying and cradling him like a baby.

"No more, Joe—no more! This country's too hard—we go away—"

"We can take them to our place," my mother said. "Stella, I'll look after them both—you do the chores"—

Stella looked at my mother. After a minute, she said:

"But you have baby."

My mother put her hand to her face.

"She already did it," I said. Milked and everything."

"It can never be too bad," my mother whispered, "when we're—we're all bearing each other's load."

A wondering look crept into Stella's face. Then suddenly the tears, as big and free as only Stella's tears could be, were streaming down her face. "Mrs. Collins—dat is the first time—the first time you ever ask me to your home—as if you want me dere. . . ."

"Hey . . . fairy!" Joe's voice was a parched whisper. I turned my face from my father's. Joe's red mustaches moved. "Fairy . . . you get me dat baby . . . heh?"

I couldn't even answer because I was crying too hard, too. I was crying with one arm around my dad and one around Joe.

It came back very vividly when I sat there the other evening, looking at a handful of people who, like Joe, had helped build our land prosperous and strong. It seemed to me Joe stood out above all the others—as he had always stood out, a rock of solid faith and hope in the days when such things were at a low ebb for all.

My mother and Stella sat together. Stella's great boisterous laughter—at the jokes of the speaker—caused all eyes to turn to her. In my mother's face was pride such as I have seldom seen.

I liked it when the mayor suggested we end the ceremonies with a sing-song in which everyone could join. Joe stood there, appreciative but ill-at-ease, while the crowd swelled out with *For He's A Jolly Good Fellow.* He kept moving his great red mustaches, wishing it was over.

I think he would have liked to join in the singing—for Joe so loved to sing! But this time he couldn't very well. Even to him it must have been pretty obvious that, mostly, the people of Old Otter Creek were singing just for him. †

## Graymoor Annals

Continued from page 17

all Third Order members and wear cassocks and cords as our students do at Montour Falls.

The boys follow a carefully arranged schedule and each week Fr. Damien, S.A. rides in on the train from Shingoyasu where he is pastor, for conferences and confession. The students attend class each day at the Jesuit University in Tokyo, about a 40 minute train ride from the monastery.

The lay brother candidates spend most of the day assisting Brothers Casmir and Kieran in the kitchen, laundry, or wherever else they happen to be working. On the feast of the Epiphany, Fr. Eric and the candidates wanted to celebrate the feast by challenging the friars here to a game of volleyball. Fr. Albert and I hesitated at first, because more years had passed since we last played volleyball than we cared to remember. But, the challenge was made and could not be ignored. Happy to report that the friars won three out of three games." †



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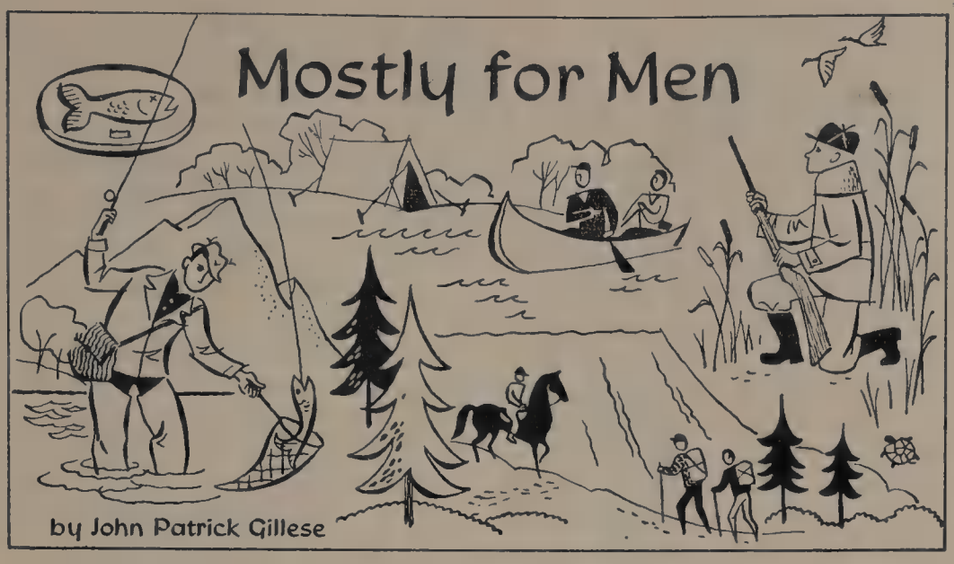



BOOKS, WRITERS AND JPG. . . . One of my most determined resolves this year is *not* to look at the magazine *Confidential*, which claims a newsstand circulation of over 4,000,000. It's the leader in the expose field—"names the names and points out the places," or some such thing. Translated, that means it really dishes the dirt, all the key-hole populace craves.

One of my ardent hopes for this year is to be able to go to the pocket-book stand and pick up a really exciting murder mystery WITHOUT having to get a stomach-ful of sex every second page. I love murder mysteries, like the type you get in the back of the *American* magazine. Give me a choice and I'll take my two-bit murder novel for a long evening's enjoyment, in place of an 85-cent movie. But I'm telling you—you publishers—I've just about had it. One more try, that's all I make.

I go there, look around to make sure the neighbors aren't watching, skip over the titles. If I see one that makes no reference to "a sexy and exciting thriller," no comparison to Mickey Spillane, no nude on the cover, I buy it hopefully. Then I get home and half-an-hour later it's in the garbage can and my wife's doing her best to calm me down. More on this in a minute.

One of my triumphs for 1956 is a personal JPG appearance in the Catholic Press Association Anthology, *All Manner of Men*, published by P. J. Kenedy and edited by Riley Hughes. My story in there is "The Typewriter," which many of you took the time to applaud when it first appeared in THE LAMP. Sorry I haven't seen the Anthology at the time of writing this (and hence I cannot, in conscience, recommend my readers to buy a copy).

But I will say this: the idea is wonderful; the editor and publisher are very capable people; and it *should* be well worth the money.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH WRITERS THESE DAYS?—Since I'm on the subject and really riled about it, think you can stand a whole column on this business of trashy literature? It's very important to us all. You're a reader. I'm a writer—and acutely alarmed at what my cohorts are doing to you. (Or are you doing it to us—buying *Confidential* and the sex books and thus forcing writers to turn out "what the public demands"? At the moment, I just don't know.)

I do know we're only kidding ourselves that the situation is improving. Oh, sure, we cleaned out a few comic books—but it's adults who are the real offenders, not kids who are copying their elders.

Take those pocket-books I mentioned. The idea of pocket-books is wonderful—lots of reading at the lowest cost. The old *Penguin* books were a God-send to me in depression years. Currently, Doubleday's *Image* Books are all Catholic titles at reduced costs . . . a most worthwhile venture in the field.

As far as writers go (and this is how I know the clean-up committees are kidding themselves) eight major pocket-book publishers now offer the most lucrative market of all time to authors. Advance royalties running up to $4,000 and better attract an avalanche of manuscripts—and the publishers need them to keep pace with public demand. The distribution is enormous. You can't go buy a bottle of aspirins (I buy 'em by the bottle now, which may be significant) without turning around to face racks of pocket-books. You can't walk over to pay the cheque in a restaurant without finding them conveniently by the till. Go down to the supermarket for canned goods: they're on sale with the other groceries. (They've become part of the diet.)

What's in 'em? Well, as I say, I enjoy murder mysteries. So I bought one the other night, conscientiously selecting a title by an unknown author. The publisher is one I wrote for myself; the editor of the series a man who was, until recently, one of the nation's top "slick" fiction editors. (Why name names? The less publicity for this thing the better, perhaps.)

The "blurb" on the jacket promised an exciting "whodunnit"—and there was no hint of sex. Pity my innocence. A guy was on the run, because he had found his wife murdered and, though he loved her very much (ha-ha) he was suspect. A girl he had known slightly goes to bring him back: she's a fighter for all noble causes (ha-ha, too). Turns out the lawyer who defended him was her fiance and she's broken-hearted because he wasn't faithful (ha-ha-ha). First night: hero has to get involved in sex (no holds barred) with that girl. Second night it's a little street-walker he met once. Third night, it's the mistress of the "big boss." The time lapse in the "murder mystery" was about a week. Everybody in the book was involved in sex, but in the end the hero (now completely cleared of suspicion) marries the first girl.

Either time has passed me by, or the mentality of that author—and publisher—is beyond belief. Herman Wouk (*Caine Mutiny*) in the disputed novel, *Marjorie Morningstar*, at least could justify the heroine's compromising her virtue by painting an accurate picture of a second-generation Jewish family in a changing New York. Whether or not the novel is good or bad, at least it's

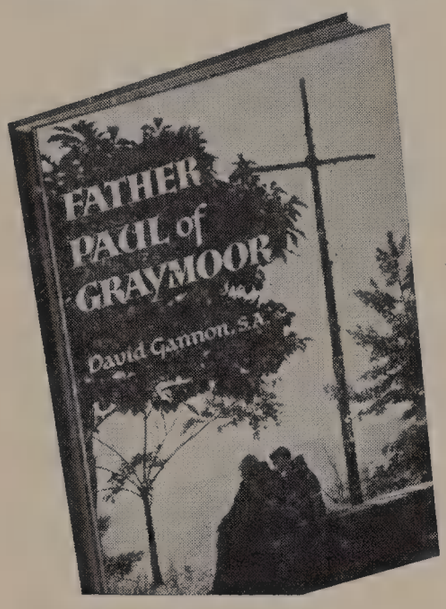
Continued on page 26

BURN A VOTIVE LIGHT
in honor of
ST. PIUS X
Frequent Communion
See complete details on page 32

*See page one for details*

# Father Paul of Graymoor

A masterful portrait of a sensitive and imaginative man whose integrity and faith stand preserved today

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## Mostly for Men

Continued from page 25

believable. You may read it with a certain regret—but this stuff!

What kind of man could go through *that* hours after his wife was murdered? What kind of woman would want to be caught dead with him? I don't believe such people exist—and my growing anger is directed against "authors" who keep on insulting us in such a way.

Because I like to read novels dealing with people (rather than, say, the history of the Phoenician Wars) I have to swallow sex-sex-sex and still more sex every time I pick up a story of the hillbilly country, of the Florida bayous, of the nursing profession, of the detective dream-world. Either I leave the whole field alone, or I bring into my living-room writings far worse than any scrawled on alleyways—and characters I'd shoot on sight (I mean that) if they came near my family.

If America's reading taste really has dropped that low, we, as a nation, are without hope. We will be swallowed by Russia—which has no such "literature." Readers are a reflection of what they read . . . and the lives they're reading about currently couldn't stand up to anything.

The one redeeming hope I have is that the publishers, through blind stupidity, do *not* understand what readers want—that the pocket-books survive in spite of sex, not because of it. Surely there must be a million men like myself who look hopefully for one pocket-book mystery—or one "man's magazine"—that isn't spoiled putrid with illicit sex. Can't these publishers find mystery novels as exciting as those carried in the top slick magazines and put them in paper-back form?

What can we do? Well, I'm a very patient man, but one more—that's all. If it isn't half-way respectable, never again, as long as I live, will I buy a paper-back put out by firms I mentioned. And I've got a pretty solid conviction that the rest of the American public is beginning to feel as I do. My neighbors are decent, too—and enough is enough.

One other thing I think people like myself—and you—should do. Catholic writers have *the responsibility* of producing competitive exciting novels in the same class BUT WITHOUT THE FILTH. You have to support them.

Can it be done?

You simply can't get enthusiastic about a dead horse—and if Catholic writers can't or won't master their craft sufficiently to tear the public away from this horrible filth, then we are following the wrong profession.

The challenge becomes very personal. Novels aren't my field, but I'm incensed enough now to grab the lance and charge. Maybe not one of the publishers in question will be interested in what I turn out—"without sex." On the other hand, they might be as desperate, in a way, as I am. If so—no matter who begins the new trend—it's up to you to support the works of those who will try to reform present-day publishing from within.

That's why the CPA experiment, "All Manner of Men," is well worth the effort—and equally worthy of your best judgment †

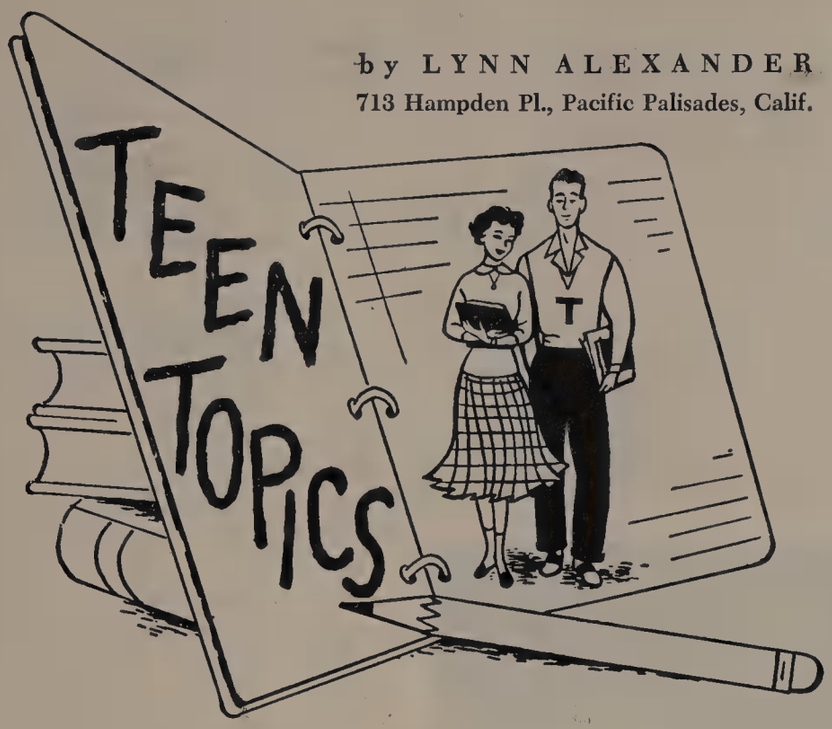
## The Other Sheep

Continued from page 9

the conclusion that their attitude toward us as Catholics is tinged with misgivings and suspicion. If we cannot associate with them in their religious worship, we must not create the impression that we are unwilling to live with them in relations of friendship and good will as members of the same community. If we cannot cooperate with them in the promotion of their sectarian purposes, we must not refuse to work with them shoulder to shoulder in the advancement of every project from which we can derive legitimate common benefit. If we must hold fast to principles of morality in public and private life which they are unwilling to accept, we must not present to them applications of these principles in ways which will be offensive or suggestive of bigoted intolerance.

Finally, we must meet the problem of the "Other Sheep" in a spirit of zeal for the triumph of the truth over the disintegrating influences of hatred and dissension. No good can come, either to the Church or to human society, if we arouse the suspicion that the Church is bent on promoting its cause through political pressure or through the amassing of material wealth. Political pressure is a legitimate weapon for the gaining of desir-

Continued on page 28




by LYNN ALEXANDER
713 Hampden Pl., Pacific Palisades, Calif.

MANY THANKS for the wonderful response about the letter from Anonymous printed in November. Do you know what impressed me most about this response, teens? It was the fact that the bitterness, bias, and bigotry of this letter was met with a truly *Catholic* attitude! Let me show you what I mean:

Dear Lynn,

I am not a "teener" and have never written you before. Your Dear Sir letter prompts this note.

You handled the matter very well. Being less able than you, I am adding Dear Sir to my list of "those for whom we pray." Please ask some of your teeners to do the same. Dear Sir is certainly in need of the help of our charity and love of neighbor which the Pope and all his Bishops, Priests, and Nuns do teach without bias. Bigotry is an affliction.

Yours truly,
Reader from Sewickley, Penna.

Dear Lynn,

I am a regular subscriber to THE LAMP and I enjoy it very much.

I was very disgusted and shocked at the letter from Anonymous in the November issue. I want to congratulate you on the way you answered his (or her) questions. So much more probably could have been said, but when a person is so lacking in humility and love to criticize another's beliefs, it would have done no good.

I am a convert like yourself and when someone writes in like that, you and I are at an advantage because we know both sides. I want to tell Anonymous that I love my religion and will stick with it until God takes me from this world because it is all truth! I was taught humility, love, patience and kindness toward my neighbor by Catholic priests. I think they are the friendliest, kindest, and the most humble people in the world! Anonymous called itself a Christian and yet, such sarcasm and intolerance I've never heard before.

Christ is our example. Did He say evil and sarcastic things about the people that didn't believe the way He did? Did Anonymous have any right to imply that the Catholic Faith was based on lies and deceit? No! Jesus said "Let he who is without sin cast the first stone." I am sure Anonymous is not the righteous Christian he or she believes, or they would have remained silent. Only Christ Our Lord is fit to judge others. Not someone who has listened to malicious gossip.

Oh, Lynn, I am afraid I'll just have to keep praying for people who harbor such evil thoughts about his own neighbor.

Yours truly,
Mrs. Charlene Cormier
603 Franklin Street
Rumford, Maine

A touch of sadness that there are people in the world who allow bigotry and ignorance to crowd out Christian charity and love . . . and an offer of prayers, sincere and devout. That was typical of the response to Anonymous' burst of hatred. Thank you so much for your letters. Never have I been any more proud to be a Catholic!

For the business of the month, we have some opportunities to help where our assistance is really needed. Those who have written in for club projects will find their answer in these letters:

Dear Lynn,

We acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of the stamps you sent us. May God reward your loyal cooperation. Be assured of a remembrance in our Novena to St. Anthony.

We would appreciate it if you would tell your teenagers the value of saving stamps for the missions. As you know, when we receive the stamps, we clean and sort them and sell them to collectors and dealers. The more valuable stamps are the foreign, U. S. Commemoratives, and all stamps over .04¢. The money from the sale of these stamps is used to help support the missions. In this way all those who save and send us stamps share in the work of spreading the kingdom of God on earth. They also share in all the prayers and works of the Friars of the Atonement. May God bless you and all who cooperate with us in this important work.

Sincerely in Jesus and Mary of the Atonement,

Father Clement, S. A.
St. Paul's Friary
Graymoor, Garrison
New York

From the Philippines comes an opportunity to help a family which is badly in need of used clothing. The father is a leper and has been under medical care for two years. His case has been arrested, thanks to the excellent care of the Sanitarium (and God's goodness), but he is still under treatment and unable to provide for his lovely wife and two year old baby. If you would like to adopt this family as your project, the address is: Mr. Jose Sevilla, Jr., Eversley Childs Sanitarium, Cebu, Philippines. Jose is only thirty-two years old.

Continued on page 28

BURN A VOTIVE LIGHT
in honor of
CHRIST THE KING
Savior of the World
See complete details on page 32

*See page one for details*

## Teen Topics

Continued from page 27

Also from the Philippines:

Dear Mrs. Alexander,

God love you and yours always!

Being an officer of our mission club, I was requested to write you asking if any *Teen Topics* readers might donate books and magazines to our mission club. We lack books very much, especially religious books. Would you ask your generous teens to send us Catholic magazines and books? We will be very willing to swap our prayers with those books and magazines which your kind-hearted readers will send us.

Assuring you of our prayers. Just continue your good work and may God bless you all a hundredfold.

Yours in Mary,
Daniel Bitanga
Immaculate Heart Seminary
Laoag, Ilocos Norte, Philippines

And from faraway India, across Mary's blue ocean:

Dear Mrs. Alexander,

Used as you are to receive many letters of appeal from this side of the globe, this note may not be quite a surprise to you. We would never have disturbed you but for the complete fix we are in.

We are starting a new college here. The Catholic community, who are mostly new colonists, cannot afford to run a college here at present. All the same they have to educate their children. An institution of this kind is to be the life-blood of the community. Their position and recognition in the future depends on institutions of this kind. The college is intended to function from the next academic year 1956-57. A large number of books and encyclopedias are needed for the library. We would appreciate it if any of your readers would give a kind thought to this note and our need for books. With best regards and good wishes,

Yours sincerely in Jesus,
Father Reynolds
Carmel House, Amalapuri
P.O. Box 17
Kozhikode-1, S. India

When sending books or magazines overseas, teens, be sure to mark your package "PRINTED MATTER ONLY." In this way you obtain the lowest postal rate.

Next on the business agenda . . . a couple of brief reminders. "*By the Light of the Lamp*" in our magazine is provided to answer your questions concerning the Faith. If such a question is bothering you, don't feel backward about asking it. There is no reason why any of us should remain in doubt about the vital doctrines of Holy Mother Church. If you need the help of a kind, understanding priest, take advantage of this feature.

And finally. . . when you write in for a Pen Pal list, be sure to include your age. Quite a number of teens inadvertently omit the age and this requires extra correspondence. Be sure to include your name, address, age, and twenty-five cents for handling costs. A new list is assembled each month.

Till next month, teens, bye, and God's best to you and yours! †

## The Other Sheep

Continued from page 26

able improvements in the material circumstances of our life, or as a means of defense against unjust attack on our fundamental human rights. Political pressure can never be a means of disseminating knowledge of the truth. When it is employed in the service of religion, it inflicts wounds that become deeper and deeper with the passage of time, and it arouses resentment that leads to revenge and retaliation.

Truth is strong enough to prevail eventually over the most strenuous opposition. It needs only an atmosphere of supernatural charity in which to diffuse itself. It makes its strongest appeal, not to the desire for worldly comfort or social prestige, but to the higher yearning for possession of God, which God Himself has placed in every human soul.

For this same reason we must not rest our hopes for the return of the "Other Sheep" on the extension of our material resources. My years of experience with the Society for the Propagation of the Faith have convinced me that mere multiplication of churches and schools and institutions of Catholic action can never raise men's minds from earth to heaven. Faith is born of love, and becomes clarified and coherent as it is nurtured by love. Love is interested in giving, not in getting. The show of power that the wealth of the Church makes possible, especially in our own country, may attract attention to the Church; but unless it is followed up by detached and disinterested use of God's material blessings in the spirit of God's love for man for God's own purposes, it will have only the effect of engendering jealousy, so that organized efforts will be made to reduce us to a state of helplessness and bring us to rueful realization of the wisdom of Our Savior's warning that man does not live on bread alone.

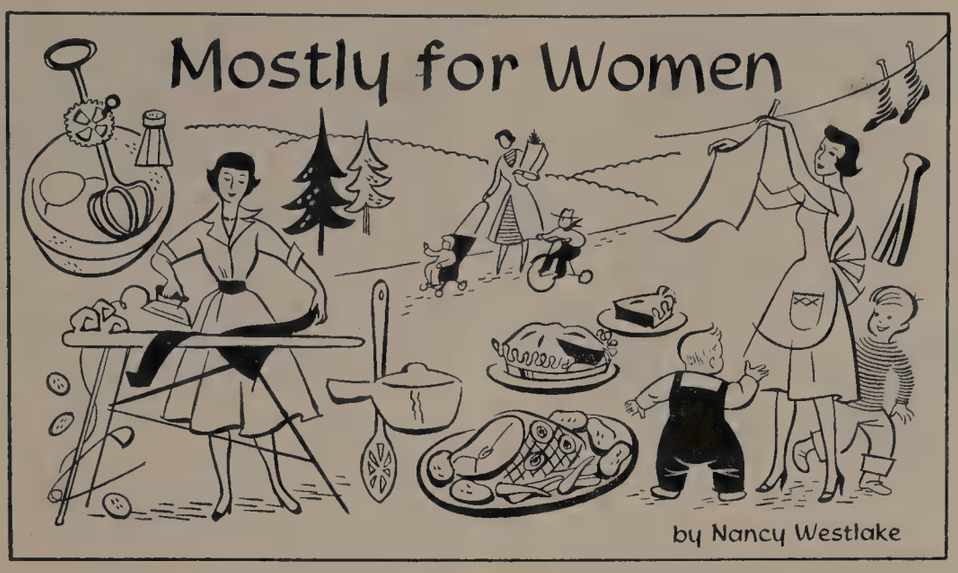
"That all may be one as Thou, Father, in Me and I in Thee; that they also may be one in Us; that the world may believe that Thou has sent Me." This was Christ's prayer for the "Other Sheep." May it inspire us during this week of prayer for the unity of the Church to reflect in our lives the overpowering conviction of Christ's teaching and the spotless purity of Christ's example. This is, after all, our most effective contribution as individual members of the Church to the effort to bring about the "Return of the Other Sheep to the One Fold of St. Peter." "So let your light shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father Who is in heaven." †

BURN A VOTIVE LIGHT
in honor of
THE INFANT OF PRAGUE
Finances
See complete details on page 32

BURN A VOTIVE LIGHT
in honor of
THE SACRED HEART
Happy Home
See complete details on page 32



*Be a Graymoor Sponsor*




## Logic: Its Cause and Cure

OF ALL THE COURSES I took at the University this last semester, the one I dreaded worst, worked hardest over, and finally enjoyed most was the one called "Philosophy 2—Logic: The Science of Clear and Correct Thinking." Going back to college among the freshmen after marrying and having four kids made me feel like a case of arrested mental growth anyhow, and to be required to take a course in the art of thinking only confirmed my worst suspicions: no I.Q. I entered Room H12 with trepidation.

Our teacher, jolly little man, started the class (mostly men) off with a big laugh by saying he noticed "a few young ladies" in the audience, and he hoped we'd come along all right because in his experience (chuckle!) women didn't really shine at logical thinking.

This, of course, got a great ovation from the male students, who looked around with a cocky, superior air at us "young ladies" sitting there with the big holes in our heads. But the spirit of fun didn't last.

Soon we were down to the awful fundamentals of making a simple decision (called "a judgment") between falsity and truth . . . and it isn't so easy, I found! However, I'm here as an on-the-scene reporter, still bearing the marks of flying erasers, to tell you that the men did just as badly as the women . . . or, to phrase it more accurately . . . we women did every bit as well as the men. I like the last phrase: sounds more logical.

As time went on, we left the preliminaries behind and tackled the really fascinating part of the course: recognizing The Fallacy.

This is a sort of verbal bird-watching game during which you try to spot Fallacies in the underbrush of the most innocent-seeming sentences, then pounce! pin them flat, label and refute them. A Fallacy, as you know, is an error in argument which leads to "avoidable false conclusions." These are but three of the categories I turned up in my personal research: the Night-Blooming Fallacy (usually heard in the moonlight); the Open-Toed Fallacy (sometimes called the Flat-Footed Statement) and the Blue-Eyed Fallacies (also known as Bare-Faced Lies). The ones listed in the text-book are even more interesting. For example:

The Fallacy of Accent . . . very well known to women: whereby a perfectly agreeable statement can be given another meaning by the inflection of the speaker's voice (not to mention her facial expression). Such a fallacy could occur in this statement: given, perhaps, as an apology before a group of mutual friends: "Someone said I said that Helen dyes her hair: it is true: I am sorry." Deliver this with the accent placed on different parts of the sentence, and you can see how Helen's reaction might range from a tearful embrace of forgiveness to a pie in your face. Then there is

The Fallacy of the Absolute Statement . . . committed, I find, quite frequently, by men: ("*All* women are miserable drivers."); ("*No* woman knows how to pour beer right."); ("*All* women are fickle.") And that leads us to the fallacy of

Begging the Question . . . which means accepting as true the very thing which is to be proved; or foisting off an unwarranted assumption. Advertisers, especially the ones who write T-V commercials, are great at this: using the principle that if a slogan is repeated long enough and loud enough the public will believe in it without any proof at all. You know the sort of stuff . . . usually delivered in what ad circles must presume is the voice of an Old Testament prophet:

(A great eyeball appears on the T-V screen)

"Sm . . . oke GASPOS!"
"Sm . . . oke GASPOS!"
"Sm . . . oke GASPOS!"

(still, small voice)

"the only cigarette containing activated, safety-approved, non-alcohoic, mentholated MX-7! YOUR CONSCIENCE SAYS . . .

"Sm . . . oke GASPOS!"

. . . and after sitting under the baleful glare of the great Eye for three or four minutes, you practically are convinced that your conscience does say "Sm . . . oke et ceteras." Even if you don't smoke. Even though, for all you know, medically approved MX-7 may be shredded tarpaper.

This particular fallacy is becoming more and more familiar to the living-room audience. Another fallacy used often in advertising and even oftener by mothers, is the Appeal to Great Names:

"Wild Bill Hickok eats his carrots. Why won't you?"

Then we have the fallacy of the Loaded Question: ("Do you still beat your wife?" and the Fallacy of Diversion:

Husband . . . "Did you spend ten dollars on that hideous hat after I expressly asked you not to?"

Wife . . . "All right! Who *lost* ten dollars at the poker game last Saturday night?"

And the fallacy of Emotional Phrasing, which could easily be applied in the above situation, thus:

Husband . . . "Did you spend ten dollars on that hideous hat after I expressly asked you not to?"

Wife . . . "That's right! Yell at me, you bully!"

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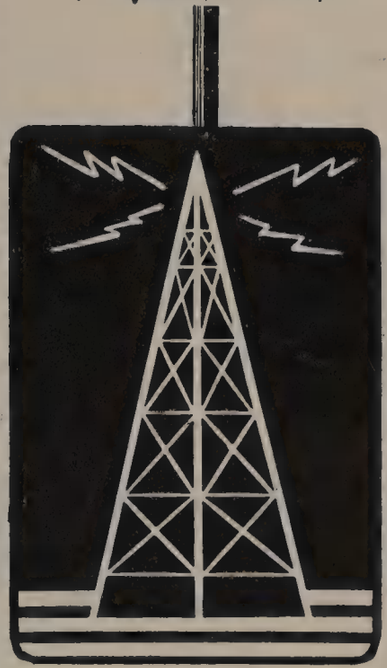
BURN A VOTIVE LIGHT
in honor of
St. Ann
Happy Marriage
See complete details on page 32

*See page one for details*

# Ave Maria
## RADIO HOUR

**Consult your newspaper for station and time in your locality or write to Father Director, Ave Maria Hour, Graymoor, Garrison, N.Y.**




## A Blessed Rain

Continued from page 12

As time went by more and more stations throughout the country asked for it. Today the *Ave Maria Hour* is heard on nearly 400 stations in 46 states (Idaho and Utah the exceptions) and seven stations in Canada. In addition it is carried by radio stations in Alaska, Greenland, Puerto Rico, Canton Island, Ceylon, Australia, Bahama Islands, Virgin Islands, Philippine Islands, Honolulu, Canal Zone, Bermuda, the North West Territory, and the Yukon Territory, Incidentally, to get the *Ave Maria Hour* to Canton Island in the Central Pacific, we had to make special arrangements with Pan American World Airways. There are about 300 people on this tiny island where only occasionally a priest has the opportunity of visiting.

The program is heard in large cities like New York and Hollywood and in small towns like Red Wing, Minnesota and Hood River, Oregon. It goes to prisons, colleges, Veterans' Administration Hospitals, and military installations. In October 1951, the *Ave Maria Hour* began to be heard on over 300 stations overseas through the world-wide facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service.

Facts and figures and geographical names and places, interesting though they be, tell very little of the real nature of the *Ave Maria Hour* and the wonderful good that the program has accomplished over the years. How many people, wandering like "strayed sheep" along the rough roads, the blind alleys, and the darkened paths of their own selfish world have found a chance listening to the *Ave Maria Hour* to be the occasion of God's grace? A person, spiritually sick because of sin, finds inspiration in a radio dramatization of a particular saint. And Christ eagerly stretches out His hand of love and mercy to this soul who is groping in darkness.

How many people have received the first spark of God's grace through the *Ave Maria Hour*—grace to help erase from their hearts deep-rooted prejudices, resolve long-standing doubts, and banish ill-founded fears about the Catholic Church? Not until the day of Final Judgment, when the human race will be gathered in all its entirety before the throne of God, will we know the tremendous influence for good the *Ave Maria Hour* has had on souls. The great volume of mail that has come to Graymoor since the first *Ave Maria Hour* broadcast gives us some slight indication of the program's influence to inspire and encourage. For example, a recent letter from a priest in the Bahama Islands, tells us that, "Only God knows all the good these broadcasts of yours do. Just last week I baptized an adult who told me that it was the *Ave Maria Hour* broadcasts and the high ideal of the life indicated in them that first interested him in the Church. At least three in my present Convert Class have mentioned your program as having been a definite influence in their conversion."

The Director of the Ceylon "Catholic Hour" writes: "It might interest you to know that the '*Ave Maria Hour*' has become the most popular programme from 'Radio Ceylon.' The life of Zita created a wave of enthusiasm among the Hindus and Buddhists, and they wrote in expressing their appreciation that the Church has saints of this type. I am thankful to the Friars at Graymoor for their Apostolate for the millions of pagans in the East. It is voiced in official circles here that the 'Ave Maria Hour' is easily one of the best broadcasts in Religion in the East."

These are but two of the many testimonial letters the Graymoor Friars have received since the *Ave Maria Hour* was first broadcast 21 years ago. We could go on with page after page of similar letters, but as we mentioned, these would give only a partial indication of the inestimable amount of good brought about by our use of radio as a means of spreading Christ's Gospel of Love throughout the world.

Now the oldest Catholic dramatic program on radio, the *Ave Maria Hour* was at first broadcast from the WOR studios in New York City. Father Anselm, in an attempt to keep the cost of the program down, shortly afterwards arranged for "live broadcasts" from the spacious recreation room at St. Christopher's Inn. The actors, actresses, technicians, and others involved in the broadcast drove from New York each Sunday afternoon and arrived at Graymoor in time for rehearsal. When Father

Anselm's initial fund was exhausted, Father Paul went on the air to make a personal appeal to the listeners to contribute to the support of the program. But in time, as the production costs went up, it became less expensive for the Friars to go back to broadcasting in New York.

To supply the increasing demand, the *Ave Maria Hour* began to be transcribed. The recordings are stored at Graymoor and shipped directly from there to radio stations all over the country. At Graymoor there is a complete file of all the scripts as well as a library of the recordings of every program. In order to get the maximum use of these recordings, the radio stations are asked to return the used records to Graymoor. They are then sent to other stations. In this way, a set of recordings may travel to Boston, and then to North Carolina (a predominantly non-Catholic area where 17 stations carry the program), and after about two years end up in Canada. When a program director fails to return the recordings, he is then reminded by mail to do so. The Chancellor of the Vicariate Apostolic of Whitehorse in the Yukon Territory received one of these "reminder" letters from the *Ave Maria Hour* office last January. His answer is a classic! "Sometimes difficulties arise," he wrote to explain the delay, "but we manage to cope with the situation. In this part of the country it is difficult to keep a very close and regular schedule. The planes cannot always travel; or, if they travel, they cannot always land where they are supposed to. In some places, the station is not operated when the weather gets to 45 or 50 degrees below zero. This does not help in returning the programs regularly to you. I realize you have reason to be dissatisfied with our delays."

In 1936, the *Ave Maria Hour* produced the first Passion Play for the air. It was also the first time that a religious program used the voice of Christ. The role of Christ was played by Father Paul himself. The Friars' choir rendered the music. Although we were skeptical that the audience would react favorably, hundreds of letters of approval poured into the station. On the fifth anniversary of the *Ave Maria Hour*, it received the First Annual Award from the Knights of Columbus for "Meritorious Service in Religious Education." Two years in succession, 1952 and 1953, the Graymoor Friars' program received the First Award for religious radio programs heard nationally—awarded by the American Exhibition of Educational Radio and Television Programs of the Ohio State University.

The most ambitious project in the 21 year history of the *Ave Maria Hour* was launched on Sunday, October 9, 1955. That evening the history-making series, "The Life of Christ", had its world premiere over WMCA in New York. Continuing for 44 consecutive weeks, this series is believed to be the first connected dramatization of the life of Christ ever attempted on radio. The result of more than a year's work on the part of Joseph Cochran, the script writer, it received wonderful notices from radio-television columnists of the New York press. Kay Gardella of the popular *New York Daily News* wrote: "With TV taking up most of our space and time, radio frequently gets pushed into the background. There's one program, though, that should be on everyone's 'must' listening list. That's the 'Ave Maria Hour.' Currently, this program is broadcasting 'The Life of Christ.' If you haven't been following it, by all means do."

The program is under the direction of Carlo de Angelo, a well-known radio and television director. The cast includes professional actors and actresses, all members of the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists.

At present we are negotiating with a priest in Beirut, Lebanon, who is acting in behalf of the Graymoor Friars, to get the "Life of Christ" series broadcast in Jerusalem—the very place where Our Blessed Lord lived, suffered and died. Our Blessed Mother, Our Lady of the Airwaves, is certainly taking wonderful care of her *Ave Maria Hour!*

Father Anselm remained the Director of the program until 1937, when he was assigned to other work at Graymoor. In the years that followed, the following Graymoor priests have guided the *Ave Maria Hour* to its present renowned status: Fathers Patrick (R.I.P.), Michael, Andrew, Canisius, Terence, Thomas, Eugene, and Alcuin. Father Anselm continued to take a keen interest in the program until his death, February 20, 1955. Many and varied were the accomplishments of his fruitful priestly life. But by far the greatest, and the one that will always single him out in the history of the Graymoor Friars, was his founding of the Ave Maria Hour. It was indeed a blessed rain for him on that April afternoon. †

BURN A VOTIVE LIGHT
in honor of
ST. CHRISTOPHER
Safe Journey
See complete details on page 32


## Mostly for Women

Continued from page 29

But my favorite is Missing the Point (or is it "Post Hoc?"). Anyhow, it sounds like the following:

Missing the Point (male) . . . "Why, I'd trust old Harry with my money anytime! He and I voted the same ticket in the last three elections."

Missing the Point (Female) . . . "He *couldn't* be as bad as she says he is; why, he has the most beautiful smile you ever saw!"

Well, studying these, and one thing and another, the year passed by. I didn't get such a sensational mark out of it, but I did learn a lesson well. Logic completely destroyed what little faith I had in the sincerity of my fellow men. After a semester of suspicious listening and detection, even the simplest statement seems charged with unpleasant possibilities: I'm becoming like the two psychiatrists who met on the street. They exchanged a single phrase: "Good Morning!" and then each went on his way muttering to himself: "Now what do you suppose he really meant by that?" I will never enjoy a conversation again.

(That last sentence looks suspiciously like a Fallacy. If you can name it, I'll send you my old Logic text, gold-plated. Personally, I'm through with it. I never intend to let logic intrude upon my thoughts again. It spoils things.)

## Sweet Tooth?

I sure hope so, because I've been meaning to give you this recipe for

Continued on page 32

*See page one for details*

**IN PETITION**

**IN THANKSGIVING**

# Burn a VOTIVE LIGHT

**To honor your favorite Patron**

**Votive Lights are tokens of your devotion**

**At Graymoor in our numerous chapels we have shrines of**

| | |
|---|---|
| **ST. ANTHONY** Finder of Lost Things | **ST. PIUS X** Frequent Communion |
| **St. Joseph** Employment and Good Death | **St. Ann** Happy Marriage |
| **ST. CHRISTOPHER** Safe Journey | **THE SACRED HEART** Happy Home |
| **OUR LADY OF THE ATONEMENT** Shepherdess of the wandering sheep | **Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal** Helper in adversities |
| **CHRIST THE KING** Savior of the World | **THE LITTLE FLOWER** Roses from Heaven |
| **THE INFANT OF PRAGUE** Finances | **Bl. Martin de Porres** Good Health |

**Large Votive Lights are $1.00 each**

**Send your petition or thanksgiving to**

**FRANCISCAN FRIARS OF THE ATONEMENT**

**Graymoor, Garrison, N. Y.**


## Mostly for Women

Continued from page 31

a long time, but the occasion didn't seem to present itself; or I misplaced the recipe-card; or some other flimsy excuse . . . anyway, here it is now, in all its glory. It is an original recipe . . . one quite unique in its proportions and ingredients (not to mention its taste!) and it is the easiest method I've ever used to arrive at that wonderful result: home-made fudge.

Unlike so many complicated candy methods, this one needs no testing to see if it has arrived at the "soft-ball" or "hard-ball" stage. (Mine always arrives at the glue stage, and stays there).

I wish I could claim authorship of this gem, but the credit must go to one of Nevada County's acknowledged queens of cookery; and I feel such a formula should bear the giver's name, so let's call it

### Fern's Fudge:

Grease a large cookie sheet or two commodious cake pans. Mix together in a deep-bowled saucepan:

1 tall can evaporated milk (13 oz.)
4½ cups granulated sugar

Bring these to a *rolling boil* and boil for 9 minutes, stirring constantly. Have ready in a large bowl:

3 pkgs. Chocolate Chips (any brand)
3 cups walnuts (halves or bits)
½ pound butter or margarine (but you know which is going to taste better)
1 8-ounce jar Hip-O-Lite marshmallow sauce
A pinch of salt

. . . Pour the sugar and milk mixture over these ingredients and stir until thoroughly mixed together. Spread out onto the buttered pans and chill for half an hour. Then score into squares and return pans to refrigerator until fudge is completely chilled through.

This makes quite a large batch of candy, but I don't think anyone will complain on that score. Incidentally, this fudge packs and travels very well: doesn't get crumbly and granular as so many do. Thus, it's an ideal gift for servicemen, missionaries, and thin people. I'd hate to think how many calories come in every piece. In fact I won't. Good eating! And lest I forget, a happy and holy Easter. See you in May! †

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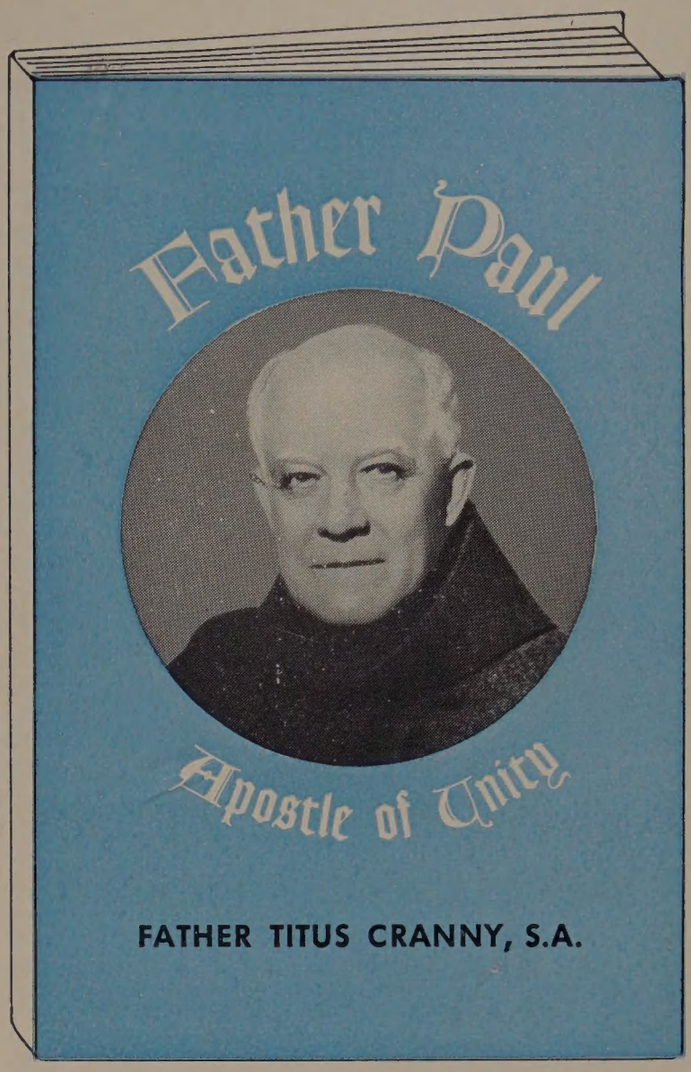


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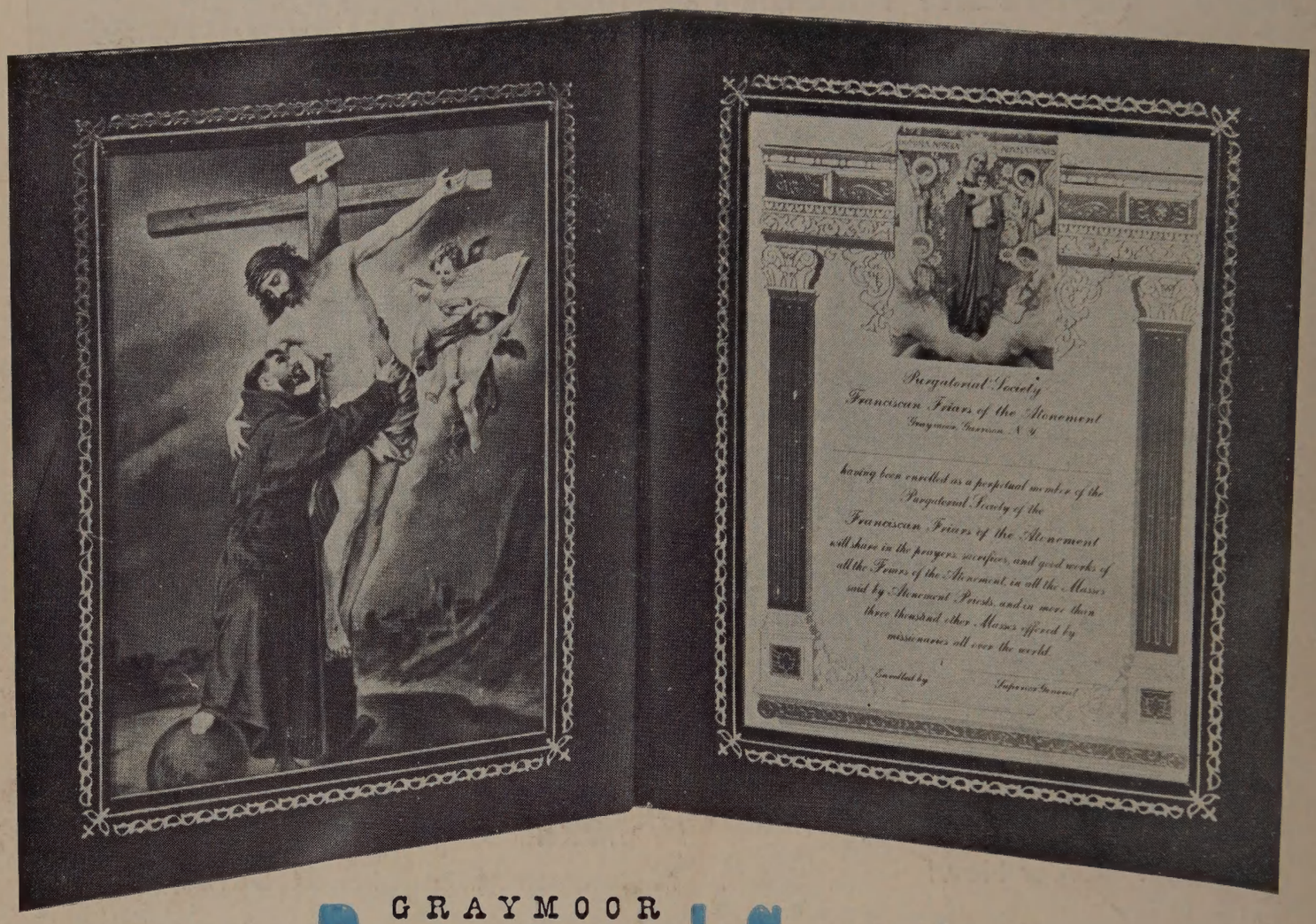
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